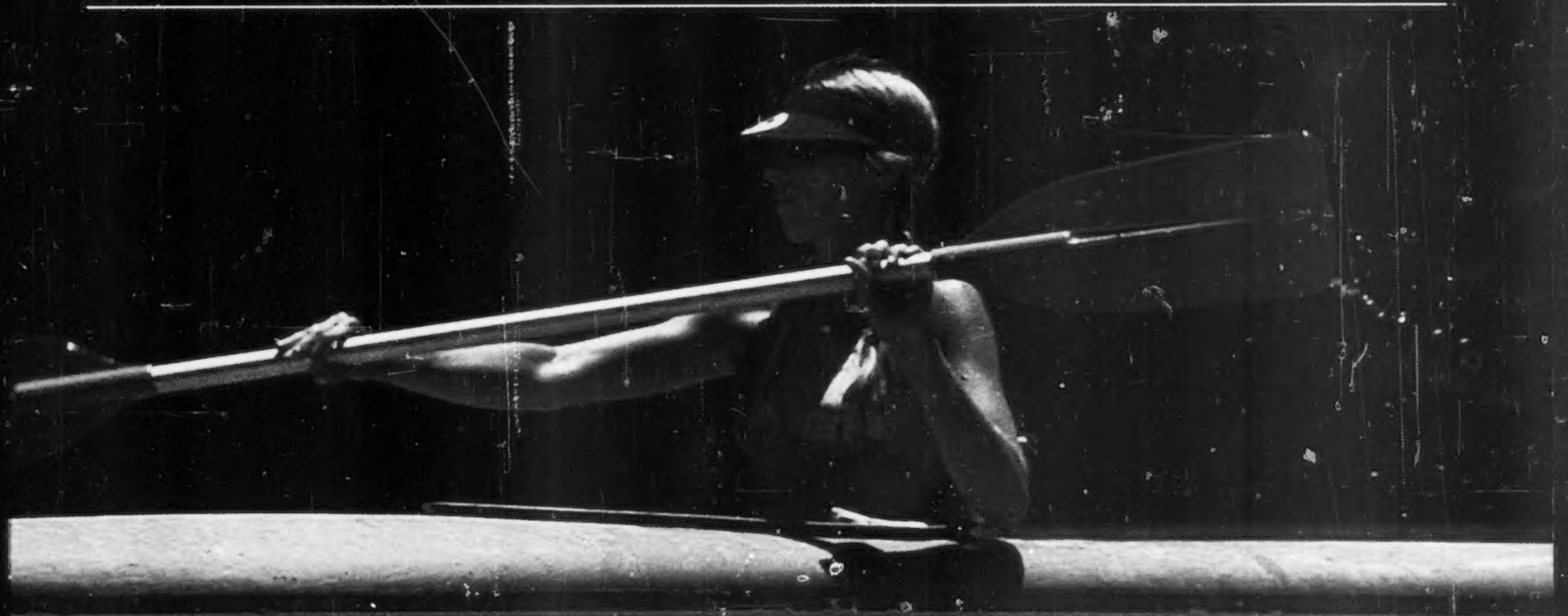
American WEST

$3 FEBRUARY 1988

PEOPLE & PLACES



RUGGED BEAUTY
WEST OF THE PECOS

THE NEZ PERCE
AT THE BIG HOLE

VICTORIAN ADOBE

REFEREE WYATT EARP

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America's

The only authorized reproduction of Davy Crockett's legendary rifle.
Inlaid with gleaming brass and solid sterling silver—like the original.

Own the extraordinary replica of the greatest frontier rifle in American history. Old Betsy. The gun that made Davy Crockett the most celebrated sharpshooter of all time. Together, they won immortality at the Alamo.

This extraordinary replica is based directly on the original in The Alamo Shrine. And authorized by The Daughters of the Republic of Texas—the museum's official custodians.

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Your magnificent replica will be crafted by skilled gunsmiths to the most uncompromising standards.

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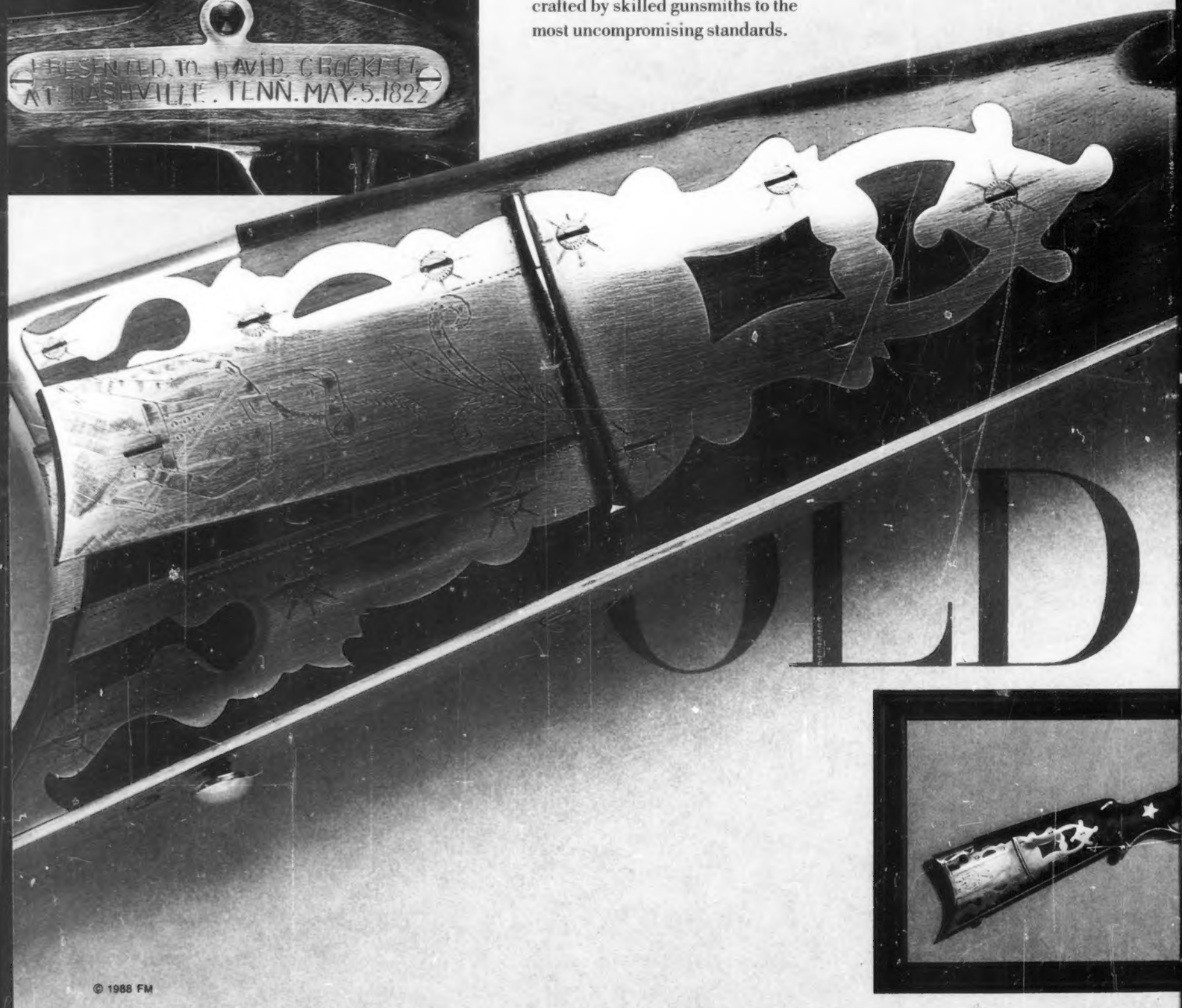
There are the same sterling silver stars, crescent moons and Indian arrow that decorate the stock and maker's plate of the original. The solid brass ramrod thimbles, butt plate, trigger guard and presentation



OLD

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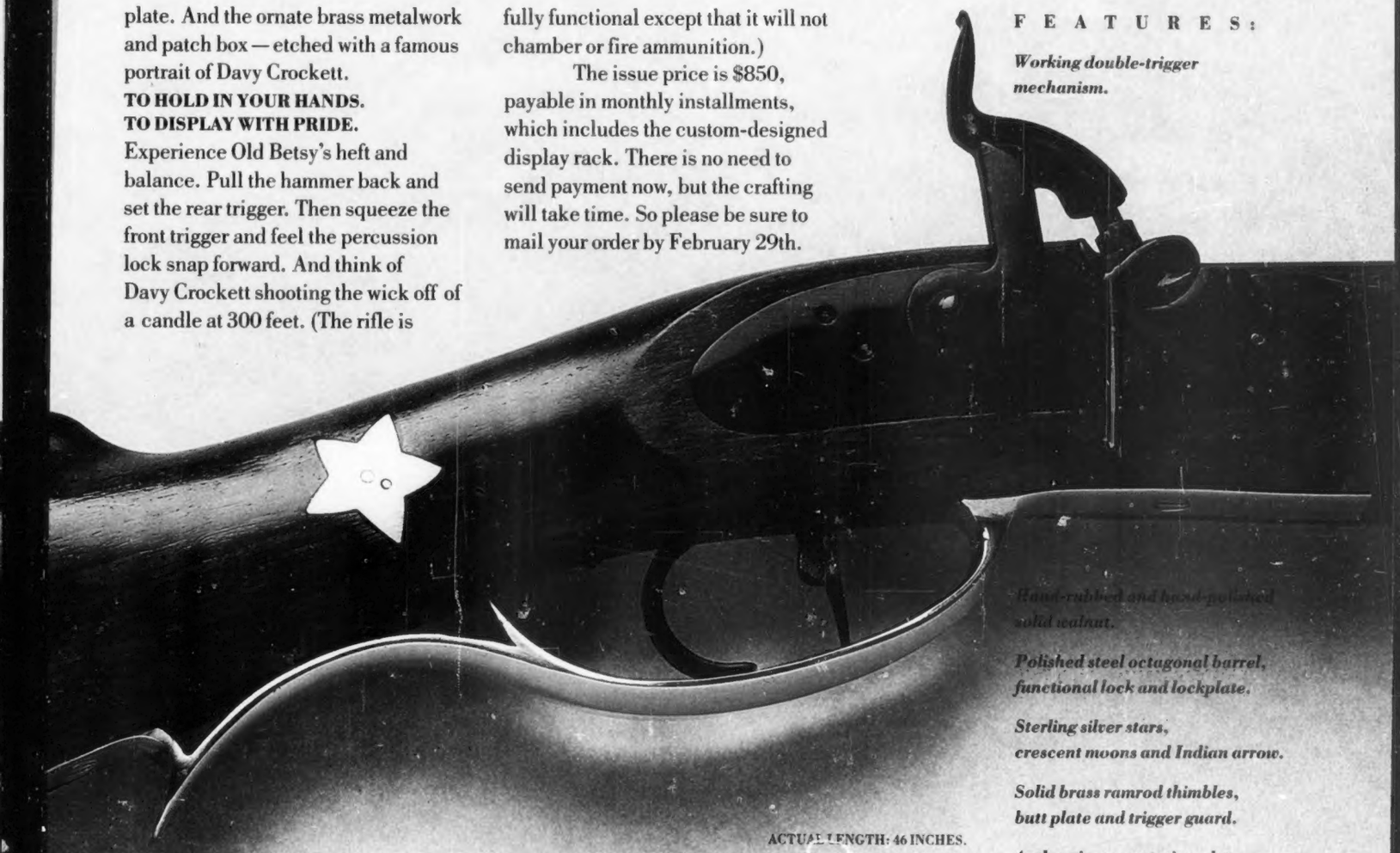
most famous rifle.

plate. And the ornate brass metalwork and patch box—etched with a famous portrait of Davy Crockett.

TO HOLD IN YOUR HANDS. TO DISPLAY WITH PRIDE.

Experience Old Betsy's heft and balance. Pull the hammer back and set the rear trigger. Then squeeze the front trigger and feel the percussion lock snap forward. And think of Davy Crockett shooting the wick off of a candle at 300 feet. (The rifle is fully functional except that it will not chamber or fire ammunition.)

The issue price is $850, payable in monthly installments, which includes the custom-designed display rack. There is no need to send payment now, but the crafting will take time. So please be sure to mail your order by February 29th.



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Working double-trigger mechanism.

Hand-rubbed and hand-polished solid walnut.

Polished steel octagonal barrel, functional lock and lockplate.

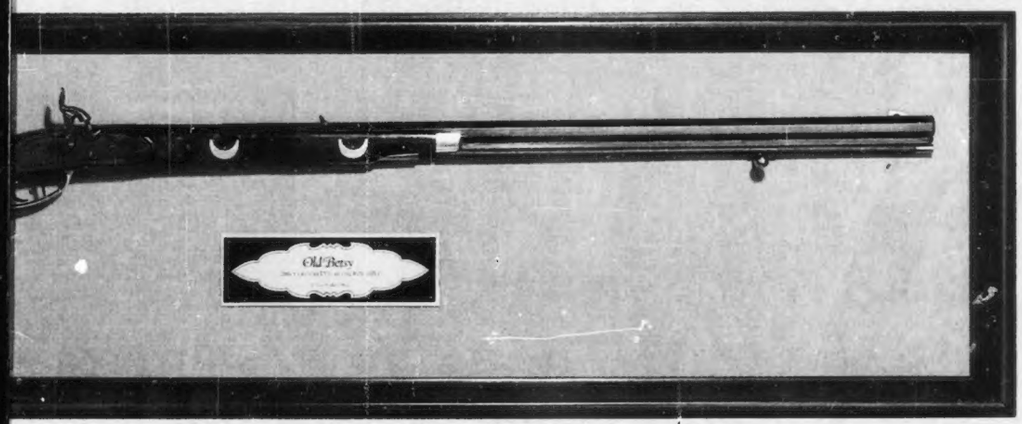
Sterling silver stars, crescent moons and Indian arrow.

Solid brass ramrod thimbles, butt plate and trigger guard.

Authentic presentation plate crafted of polished brass.

Patch box lid etched with Davy Crockett portrait.

BETSY



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Please mail by February 29, 1988.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I wish to order "Old Betsy." I will be notified when my imported replica is ready, and billed at that time for my deposit of $85.* Then, after shipment, I will be billed the same amount in 9 consecutive months. The custom-designed gun rack will be sent to me without charge.

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America's First Silver Dollar

In Accordance with Its Established Policy, The Washington Mint Hereby Announces a Limited Release of 4,375 Silver Dollars from the period 1772-1821.

A recently rediscovered private cache of 4,375 historic Silver Dollars from our nation's colonial period has now been authenticated and certified.

The specifications for this special public sale are as follows:

Historical Data:

England ignored the colonists' requests for Silver coins, so the enterprising Americans turned to the Spanish Piece of Eight as a primary means of exchange. These legendary Silver Dollars (bearing the denomination 8 Reales) were struck at the famed Mexico City Mint, the first mint in the Americas, and then shipped to the 13 colonies.

The high precious metal content of these Silver coins made them an immediate favorite with the Americans, and they remained extremely popular *even after our nation began to mint its own currency*. Remarkably, these Silver Dollars continued to be a legal coin in the United States until 1857.

Coin Description:

The obverse of each coin bears the profile of Charles III, King of Spain, and the year in which it was minted. The reverse bears the crown and shield of the Spanish Empire, the 8 Reales denomination, and the Mexico City mintmark.

Each coin was minted between 1772-1821, and each measures 39.5mm in diameter (slightly larger than the U.S. Silver Dollar that it inspired).

Metal Content:

Each one of these Silver Dollars contains 27.67 grams (427 grains) of .900 Fine Silver.

Restrictions:

This special release of America's First Silver Dollar is restricted to private citizens only -- No dealer orders will be accepted. A limit of ten coins per order will be strictly enforced, and all orders are subject to acceptance by The Washington Mint.

Sale Prices:

Each Silver Dollar in this release is priced at $95.00 plus $2.50 for postage, handling, and insurance. (Total: $97.50)

Special Discounts:

The following discount prices apply for customers placing quantity orders:

Three Silver Dollars for $265.00 plus $5.00 (Total: $270.00)
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Ten Silver Dollars for $790.00 plus $5.00 (Total: $795.00)

Order Instructions:

All mail orders *must* be accompanied by a check or money order for the full amount. Credit card customers are advised to place their orders by calling:

Toll Free 1-800-228-2323

(24 Hours a Day)

No lottery mechanisms will be utilized for this sale. Orders will be filled on a strict FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVED basis according to the POSTMARK date of mail orders and the TIME AND DATE of telephone orders. The Washington Mint, one of America's foremost private mints, fully guarantees satisfaction with a 30-day, money-back policy. Certification of Authenticity will accompany each Silver Dollar in this release.

Check and money order customers should send their orders directly to:

The Washington Mint

Dept. 691, 1718 Connecticut Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20009

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American WEST

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Cover photo by Terrence Moore

Cover Texas West of the Pecos offers a great variety of memorable experiences — from paddling a kayak on a serene stretch of the Rio Grande in the Big Bend, to climbing misty peaks higher than any east of the Mississippi. Author A. C. Greene tells us about his early journeys in the area and points the way for today's travelers to enjoy the beauty and history of the region.

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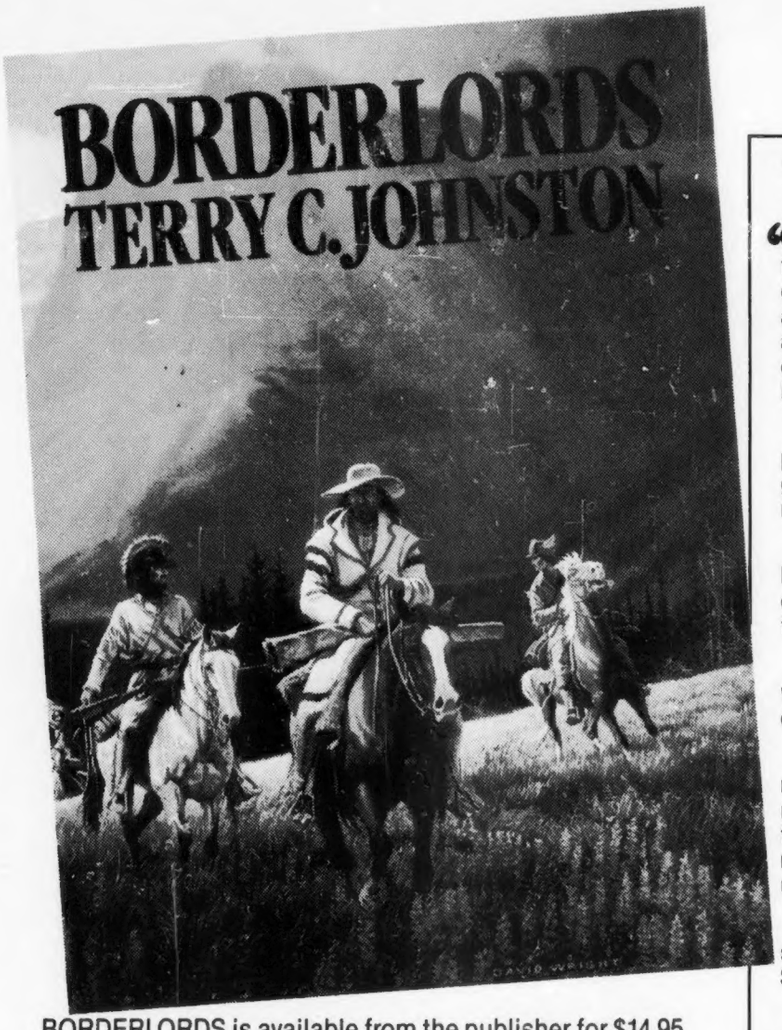

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* *All orders on this order form will also receive a FREE copy of Winfred Blevins' CHARBONNEAU ($7.95), an epic tale of the son of Sacajawea, a "novel of extraordinary power" (Los Angeles Times).*

The Rocky Mountain News:

"When we last saw Titus Bass, "Scratch" to his friends, it was in the final pages of Terry Johnston's *Carry the Wind.* That book won the best first novel award from the Western Writers of America, and as readers we wanted to see more of this battered old mountain man and his young sidekick, Josiah Paddock.

We start out in *Borderlords* with that desperate pair finally reaching their destination, where Josiah gets healed and Scratch finds love with a comely maiden.

Friends and lovers have a way of falling out; however, and in a fit of pique Scratch heads west over the Rockies, alone, seeking a purer freedom, fleeing the ghosts of too many deaths.

It's a brutal trip. Scratch is attacked by Indians, winter and wolves. It is man against the wilderness, epic in its telling.

The trick with this type of historical fiction is to make us feel as if we're actually there, and our novelist doesn't let us down. We can smell sage fires in the Crow lodges, feel the stinging cold of mountain freshets, know the aching emptiness of unpeopled space.

Johnston has threaded a revenge motif into his story, and at the fabled Green River Rendezvous, Scratch and Josiah face ancient enemies.

In the end, you will remember *Borderlords* for the adventure and the authenticity, which is as it should be. Johnston's final book in the trilogy is due in 1987. I want very much to make that trip with Scratch and plan to start laying in my supplies and fattening up my mules.

How about you? Want to come along? Want to take a chance, as Scratch would say, on "keeping your hair?"

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AWXBLX 2

VIEW FROM THE WEST

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK D. TUCCI

On a walk in the woods many years ago I came across a skunk with its head caught in a narrow-necked, canning jar. The frantic creature could see. It could run. It could drive me off with a quick warning raise of its tail as it fled in panic through the forest, hiding and running . . . hiding and running staying just out of reach of rescue.

Imprisoned in a thing worse than a steel cage — a trap devised by an imagination more diabolical than that of Edgar Allan Poe — the terrified animal could live to see, to flee, to defend itself, but never to escape. Never to eat or drink. Ultimately to die of terror or thirst.

The twist of fate, the horror, lent the scene a human twist — the pathetic little animal was worse off than if buried alive. Doomed as if by angry gods to suffer and be witness to that suffering, while just a fraction of an inch away was its familiar world.

For the better part of a cold, sunny Winter afternoon, like the hunter in pursuit of a wounded animal, I clambered over logs, crouched and scrambled through bramble thickets, slid down slopes, and splashed across little creeks in pursuit of the doomed creature. I felt compelled to intercede, to smash the ugly god's indifference.

As I ran, I tried to formulate a clear plan of what I would do if I actually got close enough to grasp the hapless animal. One moment I'd carry a big stone, thinking I'd smash the jar if I got close enough. But that solution seemed too dangerous.

Next I searched the ground for a forked stick, inspired by some vague idea that if I could firmly trap the jar, the skunk might be freed by its own struggle. I even thought of trying to kill the animal to put it out of its misery, but I was in the woods without a weapon, and there appeared to be nothing at hand that would do a sure job.

More than once I got just in range where I could use the stone for a chancy shot, but I held back — afraid of missing the jar and maiming the animal. The forked stick plan proved out of the question, as the skunk waved me back with his raised tail every time I got close enough with a stick in hand even to think about it.

At last we both staggered towards a pile of brush where the panting creature took refuge. The little animal was beaten. It labored hard to breathe. With each restricted gasp the mason jar grew clouded with its wet breath. I could see the bright liquid of its eyes shining out at me.

All the horror of all things gone wrong to all living beings seemed summed up there in the clear, silent afternoon in that bottled, yet living face. I stood stiff, dumb . . . gaping at the pathetic creature, who lurked just out of reach of my power to help. Gaping at my own ineffectual ability to act.

I felt out of place. Huge. A part of the mason jar tribe. The canning culture. Some misdirected Cyclops — stick and stone in hand — attempting to make amends with this failure in the scheme of things. A helpless witness, dragged out against his will on a sunny afternoon, to see the torture, but powerless to intervene. My presence only served to interject one final note of human horror to the moment.

I've never felt more profoundly helpless — every failure of the past, every failure ahead, appeared before me, summed up, staring back at me through that window. My own life in that little creature threatened to flee if I lifted a hand to help, threatened to spray me in the face if I made any move to cut off escape.

We stared at one another for a long, spent moment — the trapped skunk and the trapped human being — until the human being dropped the dangerous stone and useless stick and turning into the afternoon, fled the scene.

I hurried quickly through the woods, for in the pursuit, I'd lost my way, and the shadows of the forest stretched long across the clearings. A freeze was coming through the evening air, and I was wet with the sweat of the day.

That night I dreamed the face in the jar and woke up beneath piles of warm blankets and remained awake, resolved to return to the place with some plan to smash the jar or capture the animal. A hard freeze, followed by a heavy snow, was on the land at dawn.

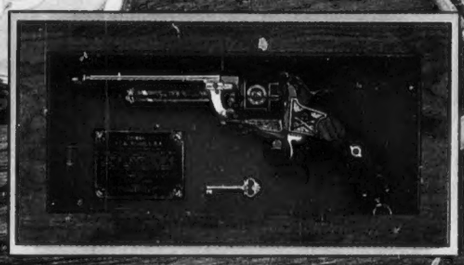
I've plotted how to liberate that skunk ever since. Like some riddle, the memory moves from year to year. The answer always just out of touch.

Tom Pew

Proudly Presenting
A Firing, Limited Edition of only 500

The Gen. J.E.B. Stuart LeMat

Officially Authorized by the Stuart Family and the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society



"Believe that you can whip the enemy, and you have won half the battle!"
General J.E.B. Stuart

"A fitting and honorable tribute to my great-grandfather."
Colonel J.E.B. Stuart, IV, USA (Ret.)

The massive, double-barreled, 10-shot LeMat is 14" long and weighs 3½ lbs.

He cut a dashing and colorful image that rode through the imagination of the nation—both North and South.

"The greatest Cavalryman ever foaled in America," an enemy Corps Commander rated him. General Lee praised him as "My ideal of a soldier."

He was General J. E. B. Stuart, "Genius of Cavalry", who brilliantly pioneered and mastered effective, new tactical uses of Cavalry.

His successes came from his quick intelligence, his superb planning and organization, and his indomitable spirit: "We must substitute *esprit* for numbers."

Now, to honor General Stuart, The American Historical Foundation is proud to announce the General Stuart LeMat, issued to mark the dedication of The General Stuart-Colonel Mosby Museum, a joint project of the Stuart Family, the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society and the Foundation, at Foundation Headquarters.

With your reservation for the General Stuart LeMat you will be made a Founding Patron of the Museum and receive a Founding Patron Certificate, inscribed with your name, suitable for framing.

First Ever; Only 500

As the *first* limited edition LeMat ever issued, this is in the "first ever" class of distinction. This category has seen well-documented, significant price increases. From the standpoint of future investment value, *only 500* will be made, making it one of the *rarest* firearms ever issued. Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, IV has been presented Serial No. 1. Serial No. 2 is displayed in the Stuart-Mosby Museum, alongside the General's personal and military possessions.

Awesome Firepower

By any standards the double-barreled LeMat is a beast of a weapon, possessing awesome firepower. General Stuart knew he would always be outmanned and outgunned—which is why he carried a LeMat. It became his trademark. Like his, this LeMat fires ten shots, with *two* barrels—one of them a shotgun! The nine shots from the revolver are .44 caliber; the "grapeshot" shotgun barrel is .65 caliber (approximately 18 gauge).

This special LeMat is made in America by the gunsmiths of Navy Arms, pioneers in the field of blackpowder firearms. And, under the supervision of the Foundation, every square inch of surface is receiving special finishing treatment to memorialize General Stuart.

24-Karat Gold, Symbolic of Cavalry

The black finish is symbolic of mourning, reminding us that General Stuart died in war. The extraordinary amount of coverage of 24-karat gold recalls his golden spurs and the golden-yellow uniform piping of the Cavalry. Half of the total surface is deeply etched to accentuate the steel that remains raised and polished. These raised surfaces are plated with 24-karat gold to boldly accentuate them.

The etchings were carefully selected to memorialize his life: Cavalry crossed sabers; Artillery crossed cannons; his name and rank; "Yours to count on"; dates of birth, CSA commission, wounding, death; Confederate battle flags; Great Seal of the Confederacy; wreathed CS; classical acanthus leaf motifs; lined borders. Nine of the components are totally plated with 24-karat gold.

This is a *firing* revolver. It has been proof fired and is accompanied by firing instructions and nine gold plated lead round balls you can display or fire. Each gun is individually serially numbered between 1 and 500. To display with your LeMat, you will also receive a numbered Certificate of Registry, personally signed by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, IV, Curator of the Museum, along with documents which include a program from the dedication of the Museum.

Because the LeMat fires blackpowder, it can be delivered *directly* to you without going through a firearms dealer; no Federal Firearms License is required.

A special walnut display case (18" × 9" × 4") is available as an option for wall mount or display on a shelf or table. The case is lined in crimson velvet, symbolic of the lining of the General's cape, with edge piping of Cavalry yellow and an etched brass memorial plaque. The locking glass lid protects your investment from dust and unauthorized handling.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

This is available exclusively from the Foundation. You may use the reservation form on this page, call toll free, or visit. You have full inspection privileges for 30 days before you decide to keep it or return for a refund.

In addition, you will be made a Member of the Foundation and receive expert information concerning the history, care and display of military arms, copies of our newsletter, and information about the military history museums at Foundation Headquarters, "Columbia-Camp Casey", a Registered National Historic Landmark located in the shadow of the Stuart Monument in Richmond. You will also receive, free, a one-year membership in the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society and quarterly issues of "Southern Cavalry Review".

This is a rare opportunity to own the *first* Limited Edition LeMat, which honors one of America's greatest military heros. A prompt response is required if you are to be one of the only 500 owners. Whenever you display this beautiful, yet powerful, LeMat you will help keep alive the indomitable spirit of the "Last Cavalier", General J. E. B. Stuart.

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RESERVATION

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Return in 30 days for Full Refund

To: The American Historical Foundation
1142 West Grace Street, Dept. D3
Richmond, Virginia 23220
Telephone: (804) 353-1812
TOLL FREE 24 hours: (800) 368-8080

Yes, I wish to reserve the General J. E. B. Stuart LeMat, deeply etched and plated with 24-karat gold. Only 500 will be made. I will also receive a Certificate of Registry, a Founding Patron Certificate and membership in the Foundation and the Stuart-Mosby Historical Society. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ My deposit (or credit card authorization) of $95 is enclosed. Please ☐ charge or ☐ invoice the balance due . . .
☐ in ten equal payments of $210. ☐ in full.

☐ My payment in full is enclosed ($2,195 per LeMat; display case, add $125).

☐ Please also send the optional walnut display case, at $125.

☐ Yes, hand engrave my initials on the triggerguard, adding $29. ☐☐☐

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THE GOLDEN GATE FROM BERKELEY HEIGHTS — 1900!

Sometime prior to 1900 an unknown photographer, possibly William H. Jackson himself, shot this view of San Francisco Bay from the high ground east of Berkeley. That is the beginning of the University of California in the foreground, with University Avenue going down to the bay, just as it does today. The "Rock" of Alcatraz is toward the left. This brilliantly colored chromolithograph, #50215, measures 23¾" by 7¾". The color rivals Kodachrome, and the secret process, involving stone lithography, has never been rediscovered. You may have it for only **$40** plus $2 shipping. Send for a catalog today, specifying your area of interest: Colorado mountains, Yellowstone, Yosemite, missions, Indians. Visa, MC welcome.

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Editorial Assistant: Kay Rambo Stroehle

Art Director/Production:
Edi Gougherty
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Peter E. Palmquist, George Schriever, Bernard L. Fontana

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Commemorating the 200th Anniversary of the United States Constitution

Shown smaller than actual size of 7¾ inches in height.

THE·BICENTENNIAL·EAGLE

Crafted of fine bisque porcelain, individually hand-painted. Officially authorized by "We the People 200." Edition limit: 9500.

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TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, the United States Constitution was signed . . . and our nation was born. Today, the Constitution still guides our nation and protects our liberties. And its 200th anniversary is being celebrated in every State of the Union.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The wrong direction?

As an entire family group, we read and share AMERICAN WEST. Yesterday the family had read the article "Appreciating Arizona" (by Tom Pew, December 1987) and were discussing its points. My daughter made me promise to write to tell you that I often quote Flavius Josephus, as I'm a history buff, and she remembered some Mosaic quotes which predate your reference to Coronado's "guide."

So, I got out the heavy tome and found that around 5,000 years ago Moses did admonish the flock not to practice deceit. Book 4, chapter 8, verse 31: "It is also a duty to show the roads to those who do not know them, and not to esteem it is a matter for sport when we hinder other's advantages by setting them in a wrong way."

We can visualize the mirth of a shepherd when he directed a caravan miles out of the way or into a rocky canyon! Our appreciation for the written word is ever present.

Carolyn Hesser
Richland, Washington

By any other name —

(This letter was directed to C. L. Sonnichsen, author of "The Southwest Corner of Hell," AMERICAN WEST, October 1987.)

Today I received my copy of AMERICAN WEST to find your article and to read about John Heith, as you spelled it. He was not John *Heith*, but John *Heath*. And if you will see the stone in Tombstone, Arizona, at the grave, you will note the correct spelling.

Marilyn B. Walter
Lima, Ohio

(Professor Sonnichsen's reply follows.)

I spelled John Heath's name right in the first book I ever wrote (*Billy King's Tombstone*), but the sources I looked at recently all spelled him "Heith," so I thought I must have been wrong and changed the spelling. I suspect that the newspapers at the time of the event got it wrong and put later readers on the wrong track.

Thank you for your reminder. I really appreciate it. I guess I should say, "Thanks, I needed that!"

Calgary Stampede

The article by Dee Marvine on the first Calgary Stampede (your August 1987) brought back old-time memories of my early rodeo days — Guy Weadick, Tom Three Persons, Johnnie Mullens, the LaMar family, and other rodeo riders I knew.

But the article holds one inaccuracy — the repeated mention of rodeo bucking chutes. The Calgary Stampede had no bucking chutes until the second Stampede which was held in 1919 after the war. At the Stampede of 1912 the broncs were blindfolded and snubbed to a horse in the middle of the arena where the rider mounted as best as he or she could.

The photo of Hazel Walker on page 33 bears this out, as the bronc is still blindfolded and the snubbing horse is to the right.

Earl W. Bascom
Victorville, California

Kudos and brickbats

I feel obliged to write to tell you that in my opinion the October 1987 issue is the best since my subscription started in March/April 1985. Since then I have had mixed feelings about this publication. On balance it has done a good job although there were disappointing issues. The August 1987 issue was well down on my scale of appreciation — major articles on another country and a futuristic science project and four pages of fashion notes.

Subsequently I phoned an older gentleman to whom I give a subscription at Christmas, and he said that he and his family thought it was a great magazine. Then came the October issue, and I decided I couldn't do without it after all.

H. W. Young
Seattle, Washington

AMERICAN WEST has matured in a very graceful and robust manner. I'm impressed. I subscribe to over twenty-five magazines — *Architectural Digest* to *America*. I'm pleased to see a magazine of class speak to the American West.

Byron King
Glendale, California

Why do I feel that the December 1987 issue is not why I subscribed to AMERICAN WEST? The Southern California Automobile Club publications have changed from informative to travel-guide promotion type magazines. I had hoped AMERICAN WEST wouldn't.

John A. Woodward
Costa Mesa, California

I have just renewed my subscription to AMERICAN WEST. I have been a constant subscriber starting with the first issue. So, I have seen the magazine change, grow, improve and, I hope, prosper. Your publication captures and preserves the developing story of the West in a way that is unique. And I like the changes that you have had a hand in bringing about. I especially enjoy "View from the West."

Orion Fink
Lakewood, California

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Letters may be cut for reasons of space, without altering their meaning. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, AZ 85715

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WESTERNERS

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N. Scott Momaday: Gentle Maverick

by Peter Wild

"Maverick" may be too strong a word to describe the West's foremost Indian writer, a large-souled and personable man. Still, neither in his life nor in his work does Pulitzer Prize winner N. Scott Momaday fit the stereotype of the Native-American artist. True, his prize book, *House Made of Dawn* (1968), recounts the turmoil of a Tanoan Indian veteran reentering society after World War II. Yet laced with humor and grasping the prejudices of both the Indian and Anglo worlds, it is hardly the standard "protest novel" of a minority writer.

As to his own past, Momaday remembers, "I was lucky to have the kind of childhood that I did." Then he spreads his hands and in an expansive gesture at his own good fortune laughs, "I wouldn't have changed anything about it."

That unusual fortune included parents who were optimistic and inquisitive people, both of them artists and educators. Momaday's father, a Kiowa, and his mother, part Cherokee, moved from teaching post to teaching post, raising their child on Navajo, Pueblo, and Apache reservations. More importantly, they encouraged their son, born in 1934, to appreciate the richness of the cultures around him.

And on trips "home," to ancestral Oklahoma, young Scott absorbed his own cultural origins. From any perspective, they were colorful. Rediscovering his roots in *The Way to Rainy Mountain* (1969), a book illustrated by his father, Momaday describes aged Kiowas rendezvousing at his grandmother's house. To a wondering boy, the gathering is full of laughter and surprises:

> They wore great black hats and bright ample shirts that shook in the wind. They rubbed fat upon their hair and wound their braids with strips of colored cloth. Some of them painted their faces and carried the scars of old and cherished enmities. They were an old council of warlords, come to remind and be reminded of who they were. Their wives and daughters . . . made loud and elaborate talk among themselves, full of jest and gesture, fright and false alarm. They went abroad in fringed and flowered

shawls, bright beadwork and German silver.

Which is to say that N. Scott Momaday grew up with his feet alternately in several camps, and he had the good wisdom and talent not only to make the most of the opportunities but to pass on his experiences for the enrichment of others. Along the way, he obtained his Ph.D. in literature from Stanford University. Since then, while producing book after award-winning book, he has taught at several distinguished institutions, among them the University of California at Berkeley and his alma mater, Stanford. He now lives in Tucson and teaches at the University of Arizona. But Momaday is an avid traveler, lecturing during the summers at several German universities.

A personal note is in order on this latter point, a further sign of Momaday's gentle waywardness. About ten years ago, after giving a class at the university in Regensburg, a quaint, medieval town on the banks of the Danube, the Kiowa invited one of the students in his audience to lunch. Regina would become his wife. How did that happen? After the meal, he explains, "I prevailed upon her to guide me through the city. And it went from there," he shrugs and smiles.

In any case, the cause of the atypical rush of distinctions and awards his way is a writing career that, again, fits no mold. While praising *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, one scholar throws up her hands to warn that Momaday's poetic, prose epic "defies identification by genre." He has written two volumes of poetry and a memoir and has edited a collection by the decidedly obscure but worthy nineteenth-century poet Frederick Goddard Tuckerman.

Topping this off, atypical even for Momaday, is the text of a coffee-table portfolio, *Colorado: Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring* (1973), with photographs by the popular Western artist David Muench.

Currently, Momaday has two books in his typewriter. The first is another novel with the working title of *Stet*. ("Stet," the name of the main character, means "bear" in Kiowa.) The other, not so easily categorized, Momaday calls *A Round of Shields*.

As the bright canvases decorating his office testify, he has taken the lead from his parents. "I want to be better known than I am as a painter," he says with a seriousness surprising for someone already well known in both the United States and Europe.

Shields refers to the ornamented war shields once carried by Plains Indians. Momaday's new work will feature twenty-five to thirty-five of his own shield paintings, each accompanied by the prose poem it inspires on the page facing.

The prose poem is under hot debate in poetry circles. Its combination here with a visual medium is likely to have the critics yet again pleasantly tearing their hair.

What frustrates category-anxious academics, however, need not trouble other readers. For one powerful element holds all of Momaday's work together: love of the Western landscape. As a boy, the future writer rode his red roan out across the vast, high plateau of northern New Mexico. Early on, he knew the land "truly and intimately." His lasting devotion to it, combined with his native background, lies at the core of his work, whatever the variety of his expression.

Peter Wild *is currently writing a monograph on Cabeza de Vaca for the Western Writers Series.*

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PHOTOGRAPHING THE WEST

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Running a River of Dinosaurs

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

On a warm May morning in 1909, Nathaniel Galloway and his son Parley of Vernal, Utah, launched a light wooden boat of radical design into the Yampa River near Deerlodge Park in what is now Dinosaur National Monument, Colorado. Galloway had made earlier trips downstream on the upper Green River, using a stern-first rowing style. Now he was about to become probably the first person ever to negotiate the Yampa, the Green River's major tributary.

We joined an annual trip on the Yampa organized by the American River Touring Association (ARTA, based in Oakland, California), our party of fourteen also launching at Deerlodge Park in three inflatable rafts. Five days and seventy miles later we emerged at Split Mountain Campground on the Green River, thus ending much too soon the most memorable river trip we have ever taken. In addition to the high adventure of the trip, we enjoyed a rare opportunity to photograph cool canyons and lonely campsites, new friends and Indian caves, as well as white-water rapids that remain inaccessible by any other means.

The Yampa is unique and fortunate in being the last undammed major tributary of the entire Colorado River system. Called the Bear by early trappers, this river winds westward out of the Rockies through deep and awesome sandstone canyons where nomadic Indians hunted and fished 3500 years ago. Dinosaurs stalked the land long before that, and their bones are still being found.

Melting snows fuel the Yampa and make river running possible from late April until about mid-July. Rocky stretches and shallow sandbars exposed by low water after that discourage boating. Late summer along the Yampa can also be exceedingly hot, but the June morning we departed was happily cool. The first day we covered only four miles on a gentle current, to camp overnight at scenic Anderson Hole.

The Yampa offers its share of angry white water, especially at Tepee and Warm Spring rapids. But it is not a river down which you constantly clutch, over "haystacks" and through hair-raising chutes. Instead you have time to marvel at the multicolored cliffs, wildflowers, and stunning geology that you pass. The Yampa is a waterway on which you can relax — most of the time — as you glide past Tiger Wall, Box Elder, and Castle parks, Dry Woman Canyon, and a hundred

other similar places. The second day we covered twenty-four miles and the third, fifteen. For the statistically minded, we counted thirty-two different kinds of birds, the most beautiful being the violet-green swallows and the abundant lazuli buntings.

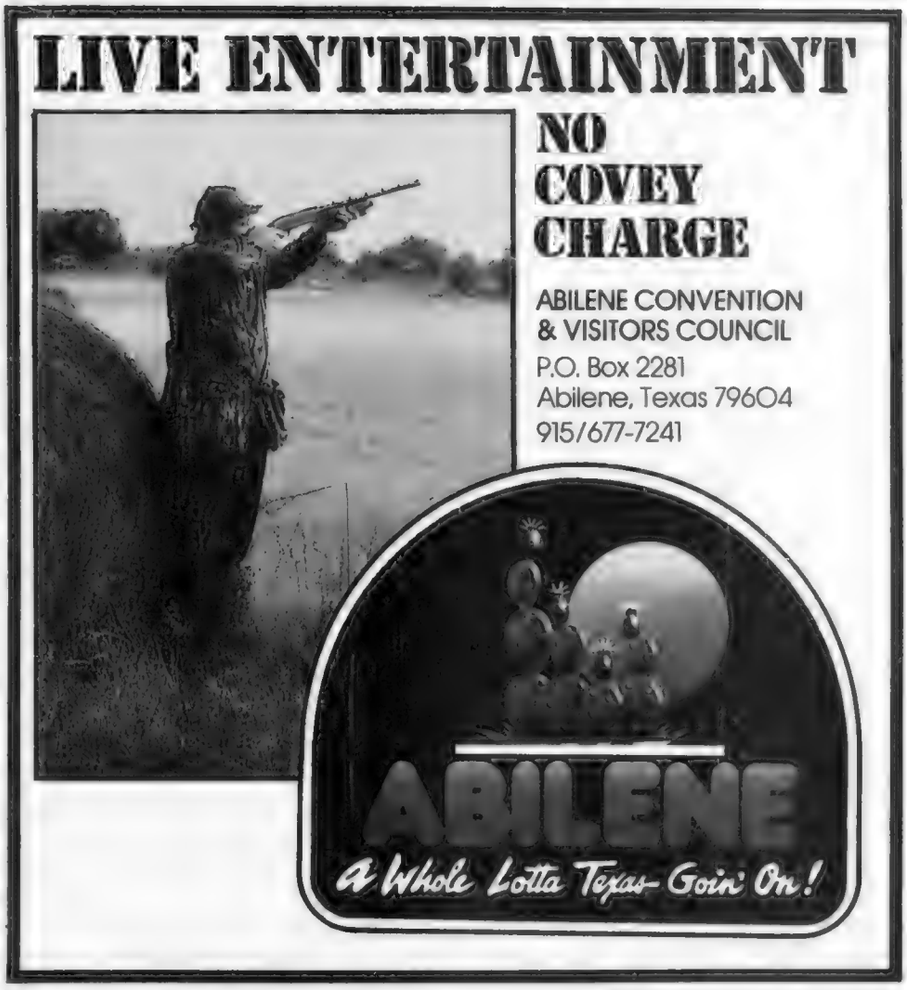
Maybe our most glorious campsite was the one deep in Mather's Hole, where at dawn a mule deer strolled among the sleeping bags and colorful tents as if they didn't exist. We shot too many pictures of that magnificent locale, of the deer and breakfast being cooked, and finally of launching the rafts in bright sunshine for the day's run past Grand Overhang toward Echo Park and Steamboat Rock.

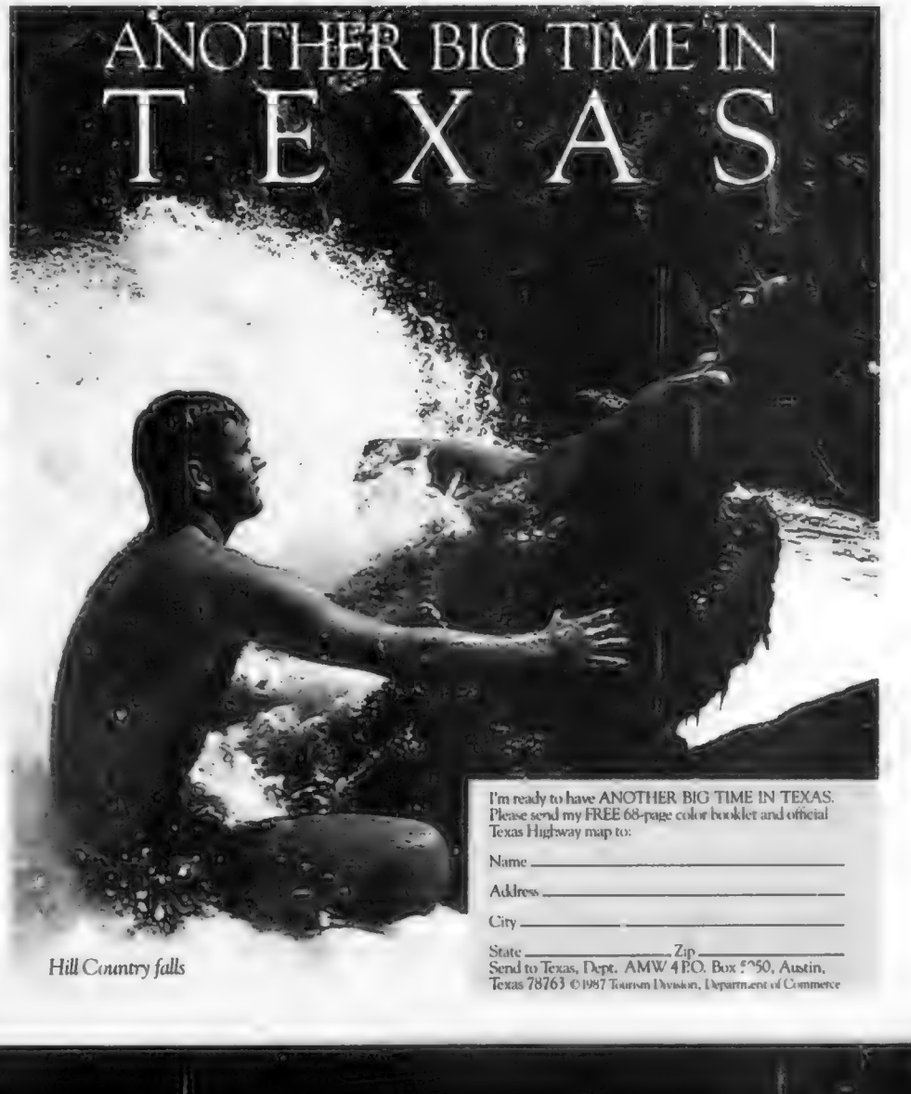
Besides the opportunity to escape completely, running the Yampa is an ideal way to photograph Western canyon country. There is always plenty of time to stop and shoot the most compelling scenes. Because we specialize in wildlife photography, we usually depend heavily on our telephoto lenses. But drifting down the Yampa we found much more use for lenses with shorter focal lengths, including our wide-angle lenses (the least used in our arsenal).

Photographing on float trips and in deep canyon country calls for planning ahead and for avoiding minor pitfalls. To catch rafters running white water, arrange to get out of the raft at the head of a rapid and then hike downstream to a point on shore where you can film your companions as they race past. Use a fast shutter speed for this, as well as whenever you shoot from a moving craft.

Because of the great contrast between the deep shadows and bright sunlight in the canyons, results can be disappointing if you are not careful with exposures. Remember always to expose for the highlights — the sunlit areas — rather than the shadows. But do not put the camera away when the canyons and campsites come under late afternoon shade. Some of the most striking pictures are those made in dim light, especially with the yellow light of a campfire to illuminate a camping scene. When actually traveling downstream we strongly recommend always keeping a camera handy, protected in a waterproof container. The same advice applies to video as to still photography.

Erwin *and* **Peggy Bauer** *are authors of the new photography guide* Photographing the North American West *published by Pacific Search Press, Seattle. It is available from Travel-Adventure-Outdoors, Box 543, Teton Village, WY 83025. Hard cover copies are $24.95 and softbacks $14.95; each plus $2.00 p/h.*

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WESTERN LOOKOUT

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Great Basin — Nevada's First National Park

The nation's newest national park in the Snake Range of eastern Nevada encompasses spectacular terrain ranging from desert scrubland at 6,200 feet to the alpine tundra of Wheeler Peak at 13,063 feet. Created October 27, 1986, and dedicated August 15, 1987, Great Basin National Park comprises 76,800 acres, including the former Wheeler Peak Scenic Area and Lehman Caves National Monument. The establishment of Nevada's first national park is the result of a series of efforts dating back to the 1920s.

Park headquarters are located near the town of Baker, Nevada, at Lehman Caves, a magnificent limestone-solution cavern replete with stalactites, stalagmites, and colorful, fluted columns that are sure to delight spelunkers. Park rangers conduct guided tours on a paved trail through the cave. On Wheeler Peak, a remnant ice field serves as a reminder of the large glacier that existed during the most recent Ice Age and carved out Wheeler cirque. Wheeler Peak Scenic Drive ends at a trail leading to the summit of the mountain, which offers hikers views of alpine lakes and a rare, ancient bristlecone pine forest. These sturdy, stunted trees are thought to be the oldest living things on earth, as specimens over 4,000 years old have been discovered. Another notable attraction in the park is Lexington Arch, the country's largest limestone arch.

Fishing, mining, and grazing are permitted in the park, and visitors may spot evidence of early ranching and mining efforts, as well as signs of prehistoric American Indian culture. Mule deer and majestic golden eagles can be seen occasionally. Camping is allowed in three campgrounds along the scenic drive and in the backcountry. The park is open for cross-country skiing during the winter although there are no developed ski trails. For more information, contact Great Basin National Park, Baker, Nevada 89311, (702) 234-7331.

Reforesting along the Cosumnes River. The Nature Conservancy, a national, nonprofit membership organization, is undertaking the reforestation of the Cosumnes River Preserve, one of the highest-quality riparian communities remaining in the Central Valley area of California. Located between Stockton and Sacramento, the Cosumnes Preserve is owned by the California branch of the Conservancy. The group has initiated a large-scale volunteer campaign to plant over 5,000 sprouted acorns and cuttings of cottonwood and willows this February. Plans are also underway to restore an adjacent abandoned agricultural field to marshland. The preserve will provide crucial habitat to migrating sandhill cranes, rare Swainson's hawks, and migrating songbirds such as flycatchers and yellow-billed cuckoos. After the planting, the area will be studied to observe why the seedlings succeed or fail, to benefit future riparian projects.

Following Joseph Walker's footsteps. This past fall, Linda Lee and Steve Spohn of Los Angeles set out from Bridgeport Valley, California, to retrace through Yosemite National Park the trans-Sierra route of nineteenth century mountain man Joseph Walker. In 1833, Walker led a party from east to west over the Sierra Nevada, the first white man on record to do so. After reading a biography of Walker in 1984, Lee became so intrigued with his feat that she decided to try to follow the portion of his route that runs through what is now Yosemite. A self-admitted backpacking fanatic, Lee enlisted the help of Steve Spohn, and together they pored over Walker's journals, old maps and photos, and numerous other early writings about the region to try to pinpoint Walker's route.

With the aid of the Yosemite park staff, who secured permits for the two to cross private land and arranged for drop-offs of food and water, Lee and Spohn backpacked for twenty days, September 27 through October 16. They crossed the crest of the Sierra at Virginia Pass, descending through Virginia and Cold canyons and passing through the Tuolumne grove of sequoias. Raging forest

Continued on page 33

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From Houston, the tour heads west to Austin for its first stop. Highlights of the trip include visits to the LBJ Ranch and the 50,000-acre Y.O. Ranch, home to longhorn cattle and exotic game. A one-day whitewater rafting trip through beautiful Santa Elena Canyon on the Rio Grande in Big Bend National Park, a hike through the Caverns of Sonora, and a visit to see ancient Indian pictographs at Seminole Canyon are also featured. The trip ends in San Antonio with a requisite tour of the Alamo.

Seven nights are spent camping under the stars, the other three at a Y.O. Ranch bunkhouse and at hotels. Approximately half of the meals are covered by the $589 per person cost. For reservations and information, contact Landau and Leatherwood, Inc., 2110 Bering Drive, #3G, Houston, Texas 77057, (713) 782-9253.

CALIFORNIA DESERT IN BLOOM. Come see the southern California desert bloom this spring at Anza-Borrego State Park in Borrego Springs, California. Located in eastern San Diego County, the park hosts a wide variety of native desert plants. From February through April, the proper temperature range and rainfall can transform the normally hostile-looking terrain into a gorgeous carpet of blossoming wildflowers and cactus. The trick is to know just when this wondrous transformation is going to take place.

To help ensure that visitors hoping to see the flowers won't be disappointed, the park staff encourages people to send a self-addressed, stamped postcard to the park before February. The postcards will be mailed out about two weeks before the estimated height of the season. Plenty of camping facilities are available at two major campgrounds as well as in other areas of the park. The fragile desert environment is home to about 400 peninsular bighorn sheep, too.

To send postcards or for information, contact Anza-Borrego State Park, P.O. Box 299, Borrego Springs, California 92004, (619) 767-5311.

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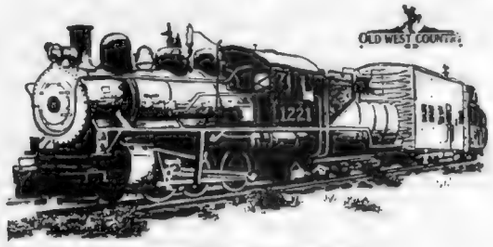

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TRAVEL NOTES

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Tours run in June, July, and August and cost $1,200 per person, including lodging and breakfast but no other meals. For reservations and more information, contact Personalized! Tours and Travel, P.O. Box 17513, Portland, Oregon 97217, (800) 248-0414 or (503) 283-4866.

DESERT BOTANY AND RIVER RUNNING. Experience exhilarating river rafting on Arizona's Salt River and learn about the plant life of the surrounding Sonoran Desert with Far Flung Adventures. Their five-day trip April 13–17 takes you through dramatic canyons and saguaro cactus forests where birds and other wildlife may be sighted.

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The $550 per-person cost includes all meals. Participants camp in the warm desert air near the river. For reservations and more information, contact Far Flung Adventures, Terlingua, Texas 79852, (915) 371-2489.

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COURTESY YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITIONS

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING IN YELLOWSTONE. If you're eager to explore the wonders of Yellowstone National Park but don't wish to compete with swarms of summer tourists, Yellowstone Expeditions may have just your ticket. Based in West Yellowstone, Montana, the outfitters operate exhilarating cross-country ski tours through the park from mid-December through March.

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WEST OF THE PECOS

Enjoy the beauty of this Texas region

by A. C. Greene

Magnificent Guadalupe Mountains National Park rewards visitors with the striking color of its foliage and a dramatic mountainous scene spread below the highest point in Texas.

BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

THE FIRST TIME I TRAVELED "WEST OF THE Pecos" in Texas, I was ten or eleven years old and thought to myself, because my family questioned not the hand of Creation, it must be the most foreboding country ever made by God. We — my father, my mother, my maternal grandmother, and I — left our hometown of Abilene driving west on the Bankhead Highway, early one morning — and early, in our family, meant fed, packed, and all aboard by 5:00 A.M. The Bankhead was a wonderful two-lane paved strip that eventually reached from coast-to-coast but still had a few unfinished stretches that summer. That first day we made fair time for the age and for the automobile. The age was the Depression when sixteen cents per gallon was high for "white" gasoline. I never knew my father to buy so much as a tablespoonful of premium gasoline, or "ethyl" as it was called, in his life.

Our auto was as interesting a study, in its way, as the Depression. It was a 1926 or '27 Nash sedan, but so many of its parts had been replaced that dating the machine was archeologically tricky to the point of delusion. I know, for instance, that most of the rear assemblage was a Hudson 6 of some vintage or another, and the motor accessories like carburetor, water pump, and generator were of museum quality as well as museum age. The brake reservoir (which, proudly, came from a Packard) was supposed to light up when your brake fluid got low — but of course, we were not Packard-equipped with dashboard warning light.

At some point in its career, the car had also supported a sign on the roof above the windshield (actually, behind that little awning most automobiles sported), as was evidenced by two badly filled and repainted holes. The holes seemed just to fit the legs of the "Taxi" signs of the time. My father claimed he would not be afraid to start around the world in the car, a common boast among male motorists, especially at trade-in time, and our only concession to fear was rubber: tires and tubes. You must understand that in those days a new tire was not expected to deliver more than five, maybe six, thousand miles. And ours were far from new; four bits would have bought any of them — and in most cases had.

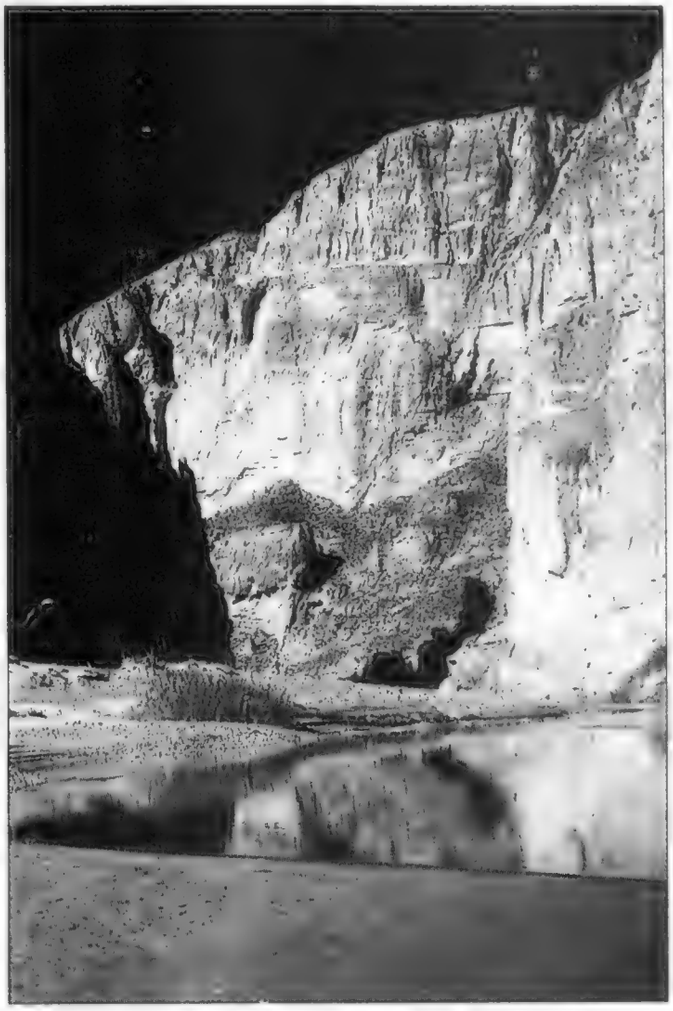
Returning to the subject of travel, the Nash looked like some ancient, extinct beast covered with rubber plates, or doughnuts. We had four tires lashed to the rear holder, a contrivance made to carry only two; each of the front fenders had a tire; one of the back doors (who needed to use two?) had another tire wired to it; two tires shared the roof (recall: roofs were fabric), placed so as to support the two tin trunks (circa The Great Galveston Hurricane) and brown leather suitcase (circa World War I) the travelers required. But the most embarrassing spares were wired onto the daintily S-curved stanchions at the rear of the body — elegance depressed

by Depression. Since not one of the tires was new and several varied from the recommended size, we did not expect to get too many miles out of each. And we didn't.

We made good time going west. My mother, who was what my dad called a pennysqueezer, cost us several minutes driving around Big Spring looking for nickel hamburgers . . . but we had to pay a dime. Then as night fell and our first worn-out spare tire was thrown in the bar ditch, my mother decided it would cost too much to rent a room in a Pecos tourist camp (I'd never heard the word "motel"), so we'd get one in the little town of Barstow. This turned out to be a wise decision since the old man who ran the tourist camp gave my mother a waterbag, one of those canvas bags you hung on the front bumper of your car which (theoretically) stayed cool by "sweating." She would never have bought one, and it turned out to be a lifesaver on the dusty trails we followed.

Next morning we left Barstow, drove to Pecos, and turned south. The road, termed an "all-weather" road, meant it had to rain pretty hard to wash *all* the gravel off the roadway, although it could be done. From the little town of Toyah we were accompanied by a strange apparition bearing the title "Pecos Valley Southern Railway." The "train" consisted of one boxcar pulled by a square, wooden, combination baggage car-coach-engine built on the frame of an elderly truck. My memory wants it to be a Model T, but I think it was a heavier make, a Republic, perhaps. Since the train and our wondrous auto were of equal curiosity value, the three or four rail passengers leaned out the windows the entire passage while I extended as much of my body as was possible, to inspect, through the jungle of old tires, the PVS phenomenon.

We plunged out of Toyahvale, the end of the railroad, leaving the "all-weather" road and the Pecos Valley Southern behind, and entered the dark but lovely confines of Limpia Canyon and the accompanying creek. It was an old road, as Texas roads went, although I did not know it at the time. The Butterfield Overland Mail had used Limpia Canyon, as had thousands of U.S. cavalry troops (never at one time, of course) passing to and from old Fort Davis. The canyon itself was completely satisfactory. The water in the creek was crystal clear (limpia means "clean" in Spanish), there was a long stretch with apple orchards growing in a bright valley somewhat below the road, and we forded Limpia Creek twenty-one times. Even the wooden spokes on our Nash tightened up nicely so that we didn't make that embarrassing cr-unk, cr-unk sound every corner we turned. By the time we arrived at Fort Davis, I was thoroughly and completely in love with this new, now thrilling, part of my Texas.



BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY BIG BEND NATURAL HISTORY ASSN

Named for the "big bend" in the nearby Rio Grande, Big Bend National Park in southwestern Texas presents startling contrasts of mountain scenery, hot desert, and cool canyons. At the left, Crown Mountain is seen from the East Rim Trail. On the right is startling Boquillas Canyon, cut through solid rock by the waters of the Rio Grande.

WEST OF THE PECOS RIVER LIES A LAND THAT fits few of the world's preconceptions of Texas, combining the altitude and fauna of the Rocky Mountains at one end, with the sublime starkness of the Chihuahuan desert at the other. Mountain country. It stretches in a seventy-mile wide strip for 300 miles: south from Guadalupe Mountains National Park on the border with New Mexico to the farthest bend of the Rio Grande in Big Bend National Park.

Mountain country? In Texas? The major ranges: Guadalupe, Davis, and Chisos mountains, are higher than anything east of the Mississippi, and the mountainous area involves over 21,000 square miles which (using Texas' favorite form of comparison) is larger than Maryland, Delaware, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts combined. Texas has fifty-one peaks (many unnamed) of over 5,000 feet and thirteen above 8,000 feet.

That first family trip we were warned (seeing our car undoubtedly had a lot to do with it) not to try to go into the Big Bend or visit Terlingua, then an active quicksilver mining

town. The danger (and it was quite real) was that there was no water, no roads, and no people, in case we broke down, even for a day. In fact, on the map we were using, the lines designating roads in the Big Bend were mere rows of single dots, grading them somewhere below "conditional." Even the road up to the McDonald Observatory, outside the town of Fort Davis, was only graveled, and beyond the observatory were signs warning the casual traveler not to go heading off onto private ranch property.

We labored up 6,800-foot Mount Locke on which the giant star-machinery hunched. My job was to stick rocks under the wheels every time we had to stop to add water to our low-altitude radiator. The observatory had not been opened, but since so few visitors wandered up there, the public was welcomed, informally but genuinely. One thing my mother did was to persuade my father to throw away the two worst tires in his mobile collection, enabling us to unwire the decorative pair that rode on our S-curved stanchions. She said she didn't want to go rolling into a crowd of college professors looking as though we were part of the highway cleanup crew. The "professors" were quite kindly toward us, and the view from atop the mountain was so dramatically different from everything I had seen, that I found it hard to believe any of it was in the Lone Star State — a condition that seizes so many Texas visitors to the Trans-Pecos region even today.

(Opposite) ***In the winter months, snow covers the parade grounds and restored officers' quarters at old Fort Davis, now a National Historic Site. Built in 1854, the partially restored Fort is appealing to military buffs.***

The most spectacular areas of the Texas mountain region are miles apart, but not in terms of western or Texas travel. While it is 100 miles or so from Guadalupe Mountains National Park to the Davis Mountains and another 100 from Fort Davis to Big Bend National Park, today all of it is on excellent highways, and the parts that may not qualify as scenic are never boring. In fact, they are awesome in their loneliness.

Towns are few and small. Or ghostly. El Paso, by far the largest city anywhere near, is 150 miles west of our montane strip, and Midland and Odessa, the next cities of size, are about the same distance to the east. Ghostly? Shafter, Terlingua, Casey, Ryan, Alamito, El Oro — almost too many to name, if they had names.

It is ironic that this dry landscape holds so many water secrets. Near the Rio Grande northwest of Big Bend National Park, Capote Falls (at 150 feet the highest in Texas) forms a hidden oasis where tourists are not welcome. Nor would they care to undergo the hardships involved in reaching the spot. There are secret springs, hidden creeks that appear, flow a few miles, then disappear, natural pools and cisterns in the rocks — *tinajas*, or "water jars" in Spanish — many known to the Indians and prehistoric nomads who left lithic remains, cave paintings or pictographs nearby. In Big Bend National Park warm waters discharge from six springs along the Rio Grande. Boquillas Hot Springs, which has a temperature of 106 degrees, was used by paleoindians who left mortar holes, rock paintings, and a pit for bathing. Later, Spanish, Apache, and Comanche warriors used the hot springs, and early in this century J. O. Langford built a health resort there and wrote a book about it. The springs still flow into bathing pools that remain popular with visitors.

GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK IS RECENT, as national parks go, having been opened in 1972. For fifty years its 78,000 acres had been the private holdings of two families whose mountain lodges are still in the park. The Guadalupes are separate, rising suddenly some 5,000 feet out of hot, flat surroundings. At the foot of Guadalupe Peak and its companion, El Capitan, stretching west is as desolate a section as the pioneers ever tried to traverse, featuring huge salt lakes. This basin has no drainage outlet, and runoff from the scant rainfall creates the lakes, which are completely dry most of the time with as much as six inches of pure salt on the bottom. The park has remained rather primitive, and because it is near no large cities or interstate highways, there can be fewer than a hundred people on its eighty miles of trails at the height of the travel season.

The campgrounds are not the kind of tourist communities that often blight national parks. Marked trails lead to the higher peaks, including Guadalupe Peak which at 8,751 feet is the highest point in Texas. The rock remains of "The Pinery," an 1858 Butterfield Overland Mail stage station, are at Pine Springs which is the main entrance to the park. In the early days of flying, the Guadalupe Mountains were so dangerous, as much from wind currents as height, that a number of mail planes and pilots were lost on the peaks. In 1958 a six-foot stainless steel monument to those lost aviators was carried up by a cowboy named Noel Kinkaid and erected on the very tip of Guadalupe Peak. My contention is that he thus added six feet to the height of Texas.

But the pride of Guadalupe Mountains National Park is beautiful McKittrick Canyon, running several miles (and several hundred feet deep) through the northeast corner of the park. The ecosystem is so delicate that only a few persons are allowed in the canyon at a time. A stream flows through the canyon, going into caves and out, with rainbow trout and its own blind, white fish. Several species of plants grow nowhere else, or rarely elsewhere, such as the Texas madrona, bigtooth maple, and walnut trees.

In the upper reaches of the Guadalupe Mountains (where you really feel the difference between ranges) are ponderosa and pinyon pines and Douglas firs, also black bears, cougars (or mountain lions), bobcats, coyotes, turkeys, chipmunks (their only home in Texas), American elk (introduced by the Hunter family in 1928), bighorn sheep, and pronghorns. But for the average visitor, the charm of Guadalupe Mountains National Park is the feeling of solitude and isolation that flows over him when, atop an 8,000-foot peak, the views travel

COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE FORT DAVIS NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

thirty or forty miles, the air is fresh, there is no other sign of man, and he has nature to himself. Time is lost and unimportant: your watch is of no more use than a diamond tiara.

If the Guadalupe Mountains are reminiscent of the Rockies, then the Davis Mountains might be reminiscent of the Smokies, although higher and much less civilized. They are covered with thicker forests of pinyon pine, quaking aspen, and ponderosa pine than the Guadalupes are. The contours of the Davis peaks, while often above 8,000 feet, seem softer, more rounded. The McDonald Observatory still affords a wonderful view of the country below and offers special tours on certain nights — the nights are wonderfully black.

Farther down the highway is the Fort Davis National Historic Site — the fort established in 1854 and partially restored in the 1970s. Even with many of the old buildings roofless or halfway to the ground, it has great charm, especially the wide parade grounds, framed by the mountains. A daily occurrence in season is a sound re-creation of a nineteenth century U.S. cavalry drill, with hoofbeats and bugles, the varied clank and clash of mounted troops, and music from U.S. band manuals of 1875. As one state publication poetically puts it, "Echoing over the empty parade ground, it is a haunting fragment of the past."

The town of Fort Davis, four miles away, is the highest town of size in Texas, being approximately one mile in altitude. Because of McDonald Observatory, vehicles carrying the names of famous universities are seen around town, and there's always a clutch of scientists and students at the local beer halls. Highway 166 out of Fort Davis forms a seventy-eight-mile scenic loop around the area, skirting Mount Livermore, tallest in the Davis Mountain range at 8,382 feet. The Rock Pile, or Devil's Post Pile, is found on this route, looking like a collection of pebbles piled up by a playful boy — until one sees the "pebbles" are house-sized.

JUST WHO IT WAS SUGGESTED WE GO BACK TO THE Big Bend in those 1930 days, I have forgotten, but a couple of things had happened that changed my family's outlook on life. Most important, my father, after years of either working one day at a time or not working at all, had the most precious Depression commodity: a steady job. He didn't dare ask for a vacation before he'd even worked six months. But my grandmother had bought a new second-hand 1935 Chevrolet, with knee-action and a turret top, and she, my mother, my Aunt Gerty, and I decided that with this kind of conveyance — who needed a man?

This trip was begun with only two spare tires, and wonders above, we had not one flat. My grandmother, whose late husband gave up trying to teach her to operate an EMF back in 1906, had only recently learned to drive. So with her at

the wheel we didn't exactly sail with the wind — on the other hand, don't forget, we hadn't one flat!

Of course, my mother and Aunt Gertrude were much younger and impatient, eager to get on with it. Both acted as if a vacation was something to set speed records by, so they used all sorts of excuses to get "Mama" from under the wheel. On this trip our dedicated goal was the Big Bend, the town of Terlingua in particular. In the Big Bend itself, the Civilian Conservation Corps boys were hard at work creating Big Bend State Park (now the National Park), and Lottie Casey ("who traveled all over," as mother put it) felt sure accommodations could be found. Also, after our tour with the terrible tire-trimmed-Nash, we felt almost like Rolls Royce owners with our new secondhand Chevrolet.

(Opposite) ***Amid desert cactus, with rock formations in the background, riders along Window Trail in Big Bend National Park enjoy one of the Park's varied terrains.***

We went from Alpine south on one of the single-dot dotted lines the map had no definition for, and after about ten miles we could see why: the road simply disappeared. With no compass and my mother's family's infamous disregard for north-east-south and west, we argued for every direction but the moon. I was the one who saved the situation. We were traveling through a region where there were no utility poles, no fences, no jet trails (jet trails? What were jets?) no signs . . . but, ah-ha: mailboxes. We didn't pass many — say one every ten miles — but as long as we passed a mailbox we knew we were on a road and would not have to wander, dazed from thirst, days at a time or (a scenario composed by my artistic grandmother) be found, skeletonized in our car, five years later where we had lost the road and run out of gas.

There was a major question even here, however: how did we know there was supposed to be another mailbox? Once, on about the ninth mile of some eleven mile mailboxless stretch, my grandmother insisted we'd missed "the turn-off."

"Turn-off to what?" my Aunt Gerty asked. "We're in hell already!"

Our most unexpected adventure took place in the middle of the 100-mile, single-dotted road to Terlingua. I was seated on the front fender (*that's* something you can't do even with a new Rolls Royce!) with the canvas water jug, feeding sips to the new secondhand Chevvy ever so often, as the temperature was close to 120°, and at that time there was no such thing as coolant or other year-round liquids. At the altitude we were traveling, water boiled away almost magically.

Our situation was approaching desperation, however, because my canvas carrier was down to an estimated one quart when, from out of the desert nowhere, jumped (literally) a man. And what a man he was. The only phrase to describe him is that hackneyed designation, a wild man.

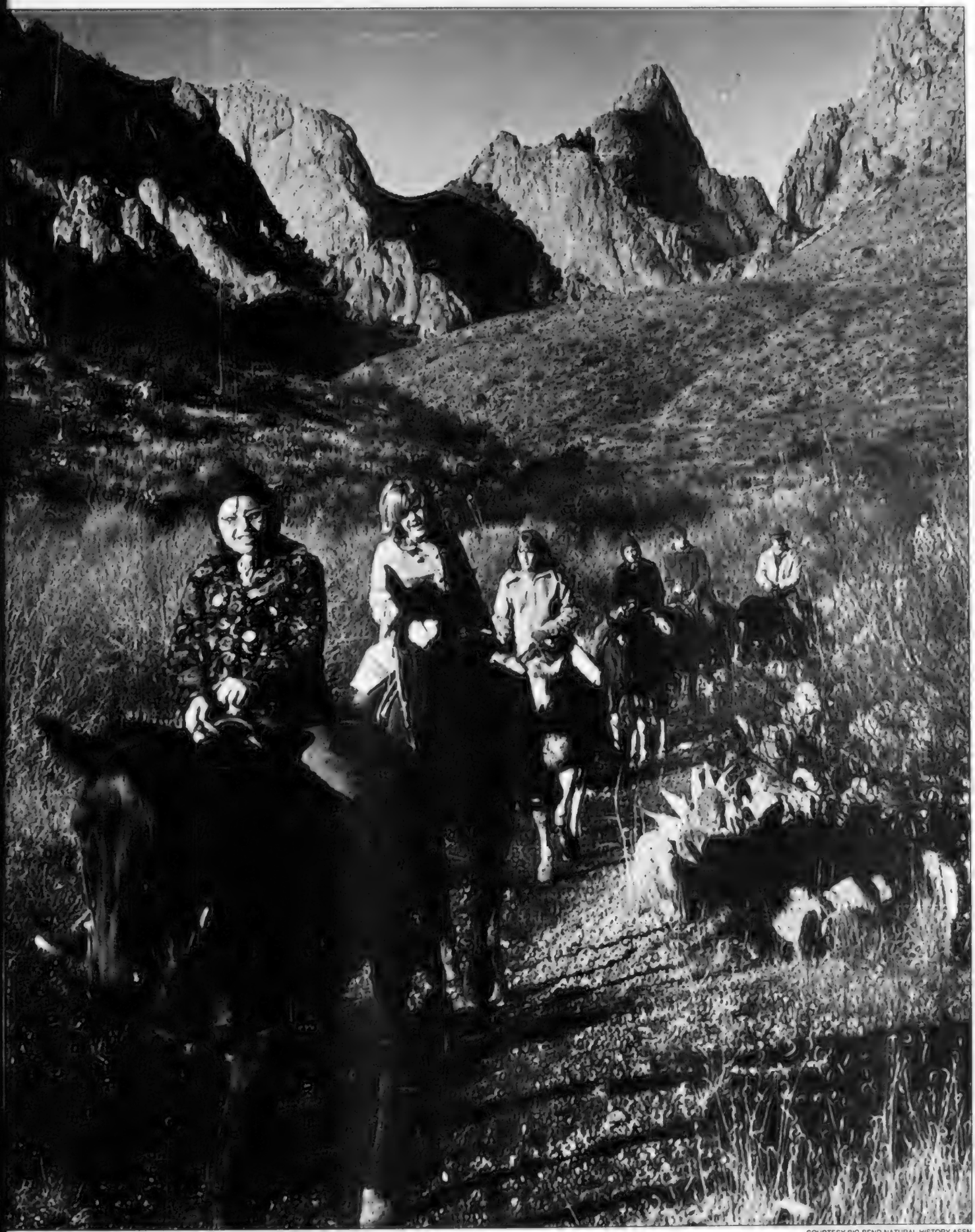
Caught out on the front fender as I was, there was no use running, and I sure didn't want Aunt Gerty, who was driving, taking off cross-country. But the wild man turned out to be a local hero, known over a region of 70,000 square miles or so as Wildcat Carter. He had been one of Quantrill's guerrillas during the Civil War. He pulled out several ragged newspaper clippings to prove his contentions, although all they did was repeat what he'd just said. But Wildcat Carter was a kindly man, lonely, I'm sure, and feeling he was entitled to capture whatever or whoever came down his road. There was no sign of a dwelling, not even a tin hovel, on the face of the country, but he told us, mysteriously, he had "got to where he didn't need to eat." I looked at the old man and tried to picture him with long rifle and bayonet, face contorted in wartime rage, chasing and killing others. But he now weighed about 100 pounds, and I couldn't imagine him killing me. Noticing my slack canvas jug, he told us there was a windmill down th' road a spell, off to th' west — but to be careful, the damned old tightwad that owned it didn't like people taking water from his tank, even in an emergency.

Leaving Wildcat Carter, we found the windmill, and the whole carload of us trekked to the big galvanized iron tank where the cattle (what cattle?) drank. It was full, and a lovely, cool stream of water was being pumped up even as we approached. We fell to like Spanish *conquistadores* after a day in full armor. I filled my canvas bag twice to get the radiator over the brim, and everyone just cut loose and made unladylike noises when they drank from their hands.

As we were returning to the car, a pickup arrived in an alkaline cloud, and I just knew we were all going to be shot and our bodies cast beside the road for coyote or eagle meat. A big, typical West Texas rancher got out, looked us over, and said, "I'll bet you people never were as glad to see a windmill as this 'un!" My aunt, who, like my mother, was young and pretty, turned on the charm, telling him ol' Wildcat had scared us to death that we would be massacred at the waterhole if we got caught. The rancher gave a great burst of laughter, looked over Aunt Gerty like he might be thinking of proposing, and told us we weren't but "just a little ways" from Terlingua. "Just a little ways" seems to have been a local term implying no more than half a day's driving. However, to be fair, it didn't take us but another three, or was it four, hours. I was soon back out on the front fender, feeding the Chevvy water, too.

TERLINGUA WAS A SMALL BUT BUZZING TOWN. Huge Mack trucks growled up and down the hillsides, loading up with cinnabar (mercury, or quicksilver, ore) and pulling out for Marathon, where special railroad-loading equipment had been installed. The buildings all had double roofs — a second roof built about eighteen inches above the "real" roof, shading the first one.

Unfamiliar with supervising an automobile, however, we had let the oil run low, and we weren't sure even how to try to find a filling station — Terlingua being a mining town, everything in it was owned by "the company." The miners were all Mexican and the engineers German, so if you spoke neither Spanish nor German, you faced language difficulties. My first-year high school Spanish came to our rescue, I guess.



COURTESY BIG BEND NATURAL HISTORY ASSN

WHEN YOU GO

Treat yourself to uncrowded vistas in Guadalupe Mountains National Park. For information write to the park at 3225 National Parks Highway, Carlsbad, NM 88220, (915) 828-3251.

Take a dip in the world's largest freshwater swimming pool in Balmorhea State Park, fish at Balmorhea Lake. Chamber of Commerce, Box 272, Balmorhea, TX 79718, (915) 375-2477.

Visit Old Fort Davis National Historic Site, P.O. Box 1456, Fort Davis, TX 79734, (915) 426-3224. For information on Fort Davis State Park, see Francis Fugate's "Indian Lodge in the Davis Mountains," Hidden Inns, AMERICAN WEST, Nov/Dec 1983.

McDonald Observatory has daily tours. Write to Visitors Center, McDonald Observatory, Box 1337, Fort Davis, TX 79734, (915) 426-3263.

Alpine's Chamber of Commerce can acquaint you with Museum of the Big Bend, Sul Ross Summer Theater, and Chihuahuan Desert Arboretum. Chamber address: Box 209, Alpine, TX 79831, (915) 837-2326.

To avoid road construction, take U.S. Hwy. 385 south from Marathon (last gas stop before the park) directly to Park Headquarters in Big Bend. Write Big Bend National Park, TX 79834, (915) 477-2251.

For information on the Lajitas Museum and Desert Garden and unique accommodations in a re-created Old West Town, write Lajitas Travel, Star Route 70, P.O. Box 400, Terlingua, TX 79852, (800) 527-4078 or (915) 424-3471.

Learn about life in an 1840s adobe fortress. Write Fort Leaton State Historic Site, P.O. Box 1220, Presidio, TX 79845, (915) 229-3613. Presidio is a jumping-off point for scenic tours on the Chihuahua/Al Pacifico Railroad through Mexico's Copper Canyon. Contact Sanborn Tours, Inc., Drawer P, Presidio, TX 79845, (915) 229-3221.

The man may have just been playing with me. At any rate, we found the company filling station, the big green Mack trucks roaring in and out constantly, and when I asked for *aceite* the supervisor looked around, put a finger to his lips, and went inside the little iron shack that was his office. He brought out three cans of motor oil, the labels in Spanish, measured the dipstick on the Chevvy, found it needed only one, and said, "*Tiende suerte*!" ("You're lucky!") At first I thought he wasn't going to accept any money, this being a company filling station, but finally I pressed fifteen cents on him, "*Por el trabajo mecánico.*"

Late that afternoon, long after mountain sunset (which took place about 4:00 P.M.), we followed one of the big ore trucks on the cross-country track that connected Terlingua with the road to Marathon. The driver told us he would blink his lights and do all sorts of other things when he came to the CCC camp cutoff. And after twisting up and down traces that would have bent the Nash frame into a V-shape, we arrived, with a great flashing and honking, at the turnoff. We drove up to the CCC camp (that road, too, was a truck road) and were assured there were absolutely no accommodations of any sort, but (again) my feisty aunt convinced the officer in charge it would be both good for public relations and good for patriotism (her first husband had been a World War I soldier). So, we were taken through the thickening darkness to a tar-paper shack on the side of the Chisos Mountains and shown a shelter lightless, heatless. "I hope you folks brought your own blankets and towels," the officer said, "cause we ain't got nothing but government issue."

I am happy to report, after the application of the powers of my mother and her sister, we slept comfortably under three (each) of those old brown "U.S." blankets, using towels of the same shade of brown. The view, as we awoke next morning, was wild and stunning. We stayed three days, and I don't know who enjoyed it more, the womenfolk or the CCC boys.

Writing about the Big Bend, one tries not to get too mystical, but the region seems to demand it. The Indians called the mountains Chisos — ghost mountains, mountains of the phantoms. They said at night the mountains floated away like clouds, and early in the mornings you could see them coming back. And when mists lie below and around distant peaks, that is exactly what it looks like. The whole Big Bend country remains haunted. The ghosts may be the memory of the gods who played among their crags, or of the people who, through the ages, have tried to live there.

A. C. Greene *is Co-Director of the Center for Texas Studies at North Texas State University. His weekly column "Texas Sketches" is syndicated in several Texas newspapers.*

(Continued from page 16)

fires in the Stanislaus National Forest caused them to divert their course slightly, but they reached their planned destination of the tiny town of La Grange, California, on schedule. Though some bushwacking was necessary, Lee said that for the most part they followed established trails and a few roads. The pair are writing a book on Walker and their experience, which they hope to publish in 1990.

COURTESY STEVE SPOHN

Mexican food mania. This past fall, Tucson, Arizona, Mayor Lew Murphy threw down the gauntlet, issuing a challenge no salsa-loving mayor could ignore. Murphy invited the mayors of Los Angeles, San Diego, Phoenix, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, El Paso, San Antonio, and Dallas "to put [their] Mexican menu where our mouth is!" by taking part in the Great American Mexican Food Championship Cook-Off in Tucson on December 5. Long a simmering debate, the issue of which Southwest city has the best Mexican food reached full boil when Murphy declared Tucson "The Mexican Food Capital of the World" in December 1986. Other mayors hotly declared their cities to be the Mexican food mecca, and Murphy devised the cook-off to resolve the matter. Judges for the contest were true Mexican food experts — the mayors of the border towns of Juarez, Agua Prieta, Nogales, Mexicali, and Tijuana were appointed to sample the chili con carne, green chili dish, salsa, and special recipe that each mayor's chef prepared. The results of the cook-off were not available at the time of this writing, but you can be sure that whichever city won, no one went hungry.

Calgary bound. Everyone planning to cross the border to attend the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympics February 13–28 had better act fast. As of this writing, some tickets remain for the outdoor events, but all of the hockey events are sold out, as are the figure skating, speed skating, curling, and opening and closing ceremonies. Seats are still available for alpine skiing, seventy- and ninety-meter ski-jumping events, and the biathlon and luge events. Although no motel or hotel rooms in Calgary are available, private homes can be rented for a minimum of one week for $2,000–$2,500 Canadian. For housing information, write the Olympic Housing Bureau, P.O. Box 4600, Station C, Calgary, Alberta T2T 5W1, Canada, or call (403) 262-6630. For ticket information, in the U.S. call Olfon Travel World at (800) 421-2255 or write OCO '88, P.O. Box 1988, Station C, Calgary, Alberta T2T 5R4, Canada.

Sea World Texas-style. The fourth and largest Sea World to date opens mid-April in San Antonio, Texas. All the regular marine exhibits and family entertainment featured at the nation's three other Sea Worlds will be there, including Shamu the kissing killer whale and the ever-popular penguin exhibit. According to public relations director Bob McCullough, the park will have one specifically Texan area, the Texas Walk, a beautiful cypress garden decorated with seventeen life-sized statues of Texas heroes. Sea World's grand opening festivities are scheduled for May 28. For more information, call (800) 422-SWTX in Texas and nationwide.

The persistent drought in the Pacific Northwest has stranded spawning salmon downstream and left some eastern Washington farmers high and dry, their irrigation cut off. According to Mary Beth Lang of the Washington state Department of Agriculture, orchard and vineyard owners are concerned about the long-term survival of perennial plants, and wheat farmers are worried about the germination of crops planted this past fall. "People have a wait-and-see attitude," she said, but the Department of Ecology has mapped out several strategies to cope with possible water shortages next spring if the winter snowpack is light.

The effects of the drought on the fishing industry won't be felt much for several years, until a dearth of salmon that would have been spawned this past fall causes shortages. About ten million salmon return to Northwest rivers and streams to spawn each year, and approximately fifty percent of those are wild. So far, hatchery salmon have not been affected adversely, according to Jonna Van Dyk of the Washington state Department of Fisheries, since many hatcheries are farther downstream than wild salmon spawning grounds. Many of the tributary rivers the wild salmon follow have completely dried up.

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PLACES TO STAY

PHOTO BY AUTHORS

Gage Hotel Offers a West Texas Oasis

by Francis L. and Roberta B. Fugate

A defective gas gauge was making our return from Big Bend National Park a race between a pale patch of lights in the middle of the West Texas desert and the bottom of our gas tank. The engine gave a warning hiccup just as our headlights illuminated a sign: MARATHON POP. 700. We coasted into a filling station with the motor gasping for fumes. Our tank took more gas than the specifications said was possible.

"Is there a motel?" we asked the attendant.

"Yep, but it's full. Why don't you try the hotel?"

Hotel? In a town of seven hundred? We followed his pointing finger to a square hulk looming against the midnight-blue sky.

We opened the door into a brightly lighted lobby. The welcome smell of food filled the air; the tinkle of glasses and the hum of conversation came from somewhere off to the left. A man and woman who were sitting at a table in front of a fireplace looked up and smiled. The man raised a big hat from his head and said "Howdy." We had found the Gage Hotel, a veritable oasis.

After learning a room was available, we ate larrupin' chicken-fried steaks — the West Texas staple — smothered in cream gravy and washed down with steaming coffee. Afterward we sampled the camaraderie of an intimate barroom as we exchanged highlights of our trip to the Big Bend with other tourists. Since that night, the Gage Hotel in Marathon, Texas, has become a regular stopover on trips to and from our home base in El Paso.

We awakened to sun streaming through tall windows into a sparkling clean room. Who in the heck would build a brand-new hotel in a town of 700? But the faint aroma of coffee reminded us of more important things. After a breakfast of platter-sized hotcakes, we learned from Giddings Brown, the manager who doubles in brass as the cook, that despite its appearance, the Gage Hotel is far from new. It originally opened in 1927.

"During restoration they used 130 gallons of paint stripper to remove as many as thirteen coats of paint — pinks, blues, and greens — to get down to this beautiful woodwork."

But how did it get here in the beginning? In 1878 Alfred Gage left Vermont at the age of eighteen to seek his fortune in the wide-open spaces of West Texas. First he worked as a cowhand, but Gage was shrewd and fortune was good to him. By 1920 he had become a prosperous banker and businessman living in San Antonio. Marathon was a bustling ranching and mining center on the Texas & New Orleans Railroad, and Gage had a 500,000-acre ranch nearby. Since there were no accommodations in Marathon, Gage decided to build a hotel to serve as his headquarters while away from home. Unfortunately he died in 1928, the year after the hotel opened.

At first the Gage was a renowned way station for travelers passing through the sparsely populated grazing and mining land. As years passed, the hotel suffered a succession of careless owners and fell into disrepair. Attempts to make the building a museum failed. In 1978 J. P. and Mary Jon Bryan of Houston purchased it with restoration in mind.

There was nothing wrong with the sturdy two-story yellow brick structure that money wouldn't cure. Gage had employed Trost and Trost, the finest architects in the Southwest, to design the building. H. T. Ponsford & Sons of El Paso, acclaimed as the best contracting firm west of the Pecos, had built the structure. The Ponsfords were still in business; they had the original plans on file.

The lowered ceilings and other remodeling were ripped away to attain the original airy proportions. Henry Trost's trademarks, French doors and oval top windows, were preserved. A few modern comforts such as air conditioning and ceiling fans were installed. Bathrooms were allowed, but room tele-

phones and television sets were eschewed.

Seven of the twenty-one rooms have private baths; the rest have washbasins. Bathrobes are provided for the short trip down the hall to modern conveniences, and we heard no complaints.

The rooms are named for local landmarks: Santiago Peak, Chalk Draw, Dagger Mesa, Ocotillo Flat, Iron Mountain, Panther Junction. If you stay in Persimmon Gap you sleep under the benevolent watchfulness of hand-carved antique Mexican *santos* in a heavy four-poster bed made in Nacogdoches (East Texas) in 1847. In Stillwell's Crossing you find an elaborate nineteenth century French bed with a gold-painted headboard. You sleep under hand-loomed Mexican bedspreads, and it's a good thing because desert nights can get nippy.

We discovered we were not the first writers to enjoy the Gage. In 1928 Zane Grey spent a month in a large airy corner room working on *West of the Pecos*, his novel about the Texas Rangers. We quietly closed the door of the room to spend half an hour in reverent contemplation.

At first blush, decorations in the Gage Hotel seem a meaningless hodgepodge of antiques and artifacts, but they all have meaning in terms of cultures that once occupied West Texas or events pertinent to the area. The bar displays a Yaqui Indian altar. After you have pondered its symbolism, you can play *Chusa*, a Mexican roulette game which came from Cusihuiriachi, Chihuahua, a nineteenth century mining town in the Barranca del Cobre.

The Gage Hotel is an ideal headquarters from which to tour Big Bend National Park, poke about old mining towns, make geologic or rock-hound field trips, visit the Black Gap Wildlife Management Area, view the mysterious Marfa lights, or take raft trips down the Rio Grande. If you are into hunting and give sufficient notice, the management can book you for mule deer, antelope, javalina, wild turkey, or aoudad and mouflon sheep. Antique buffs will want to look about town.

The Gage Hotel is located in Marathon, Texas, on U.S. highways 90 and 385, 40 miles north of the entrance to Big Bend National Park, 250 miles east of El Paso, 325 miles west of San Antonio, and 58 miles south of the Fort Stockton exit from Interstate 10. Rates range from $30 to $50 double occupancy with $5 per extra occupant. For reservations: The Gage Hotel, Marathon, Texas 79842, (915) 386-4205.

Francis L. *and* **Roberta B. Fugate** *are enthusiastic travelers and reporters of the American West.*

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Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria	Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel*	$ 459	$ 976
Scandinavia	Airfare 2 Weeks, Hotel*	$ 499	$ 803
Tokyo	Airfare Only	$ 627	$ 851
Hong Kong	Airfare Only	$ 660	$ 850
Bahamas Cruise	5 Day Cruise*	$ 385	$ 585
Caribbean Cruise	Airfare 1 Week Cruise*	$ 540	$1040
Southern Caribbean Cruise	Airfare 1 Week Cruise*	$ 874	$1485
Transcanal Cruise	17 Day Cruise*	$1295	$2775

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Glacier Bay, Alaska: Still Locked in the Ice Age

by Stephen L. Harris

A sharp cracking noise like artillery fire drew all eyes toward the blue-silver wall of ice towering above our ship. Then, an enormous slab of ice the size of a twenty-story building broke loose from the glacier's clifflike front and plunged into the deep cold waters of Glacier Bay in southeastern Alaska. Waves rushing outward from the newly created iceberg threatened to capsize the six kayaks that ventured dangerously near the crumbling ice mass.

Massive rivers of ice thrusting their snouts into Glacier Bay provide one of nature's greatest spectacles. Every day the Bay's sixteen tidewater glaciers — glaciers that flow directly into the ocean — generate hundreds of such icebergs and ice floes. The day we watched (from the relative safety of a large cruise ship) the kayaks escaped unscathed, but many other small vessels have been swamped and their occupants drowned by cascading ice and surging sea.

The process by which huge ice fragments peel away from a glacier-front and tumble into the sea is called calving. Almost continuous calving litters the waters of Glacier Bay National Park and its environs with countless masses of floating ice, many large enough to scuttle good-sized ships that by some unlucky chance collide with them. Like many of nature's grandest shows, the confrontation of ice stream and ocean offers a combination of unforgettable beauty and potential danger — even death to the unwary.

Although the view from aboard ship is awesome, a cruise through Glacier Bay reveals only part of the picture. The calving that gives birth to floating islands of ice is merely one aspect of the glaciers' activity. To get an idea of the whole process of glaciation, the visitor must fly inland and find the glaciers' place of origin.

Soaring in a small plane over the jagged peaks that rise steep above Glacier Bay, the traveler enters a pristine world containing only bare rock and ice. Travelers do not simply venture into a rugged mountainous terrain untouched by man; they journey back in time to see what much of the world was like during the Ice Age (Pleistocene Epoch).

The Fairweather and St. Elias ranges rise suddenly above the coastline to elevations more than three miles above sea level. The highest coastal mountains in the world, they are also the most heavily glaciated. Mount St. Elias reaches a height of 18,008 feet, and Mount Fairweather stands at 15,300 feet. Because of the size and height of the mountains, they act as a climatic barrier, intercepting moisture-laden winds from the Pacific and receiving abundant precipitation, mostly in the form of snow. The extremely heavy snowfall — exceeding 200 inches a year in places — provides the ingredient from which glaciers are made.

As winter storms deposit layer after layer of new snow, the weight of the accumulating snow gradually forces the air out of the snowpack. The tightly compacted snow is transformed into dense layers of ice crystals that eventually begin to slide downhill under the pull of gravity. In the mountains towering above Glacier Bay, all but the loftiest peaks and ridges are smothered in moving ice.

A flight over the Fairweather and St. Elias ranges shows that the sixteen glaciers flowing into the Bay are merely arms of an immense ice field that engulfs southeastern Alaska's interior highlands. Ice sheets cling to all but the steepest pinnacles and fill broad valleys with ice thousands of feet thick. When mountain glaciers sweep down adjacent valleys and merge to form immense ice sheets many miles wide, the ice streams resemble gigantic white freeways. The glaciers even have marked lanes, long bands of parallel strips running the length of the glacier. These bands are formed by rock debris as the glacier overrides and pulverizes rock outcrops, carrying the resultant fragments along in the direction of the glacier flow.

Today the ice field behind Glacier Bay mantles thousands of square miles, but it was even more extensive when Europeans first discovered the area in the eighteenth century. In 1794 when Captain George Vancouver sailed past what is now Glacier Bay, it was only a small dent in an unbroken mass of ice that sealed the entire inlet. The region was still in the grip of the "Little Ice Age," a period of globally cooler and wetter weather that began about 3,500 years ago and lasted until about the middle of the nineteenth cen-

tury.

Since the time of Vancouver's exploration, world climate has gradually turned milder and Glacier Bay's ice streams have retreated drastically. John Muir first visited the area in 1879 and found that the ice sheet that had blocked the Bay in 1794 had since withdrawn about forty-eight miles up the Bay.

As the climate warmed, the Glacier Bay ice streams staged the fastest retreat of any glaciers known to science. Some withdrew up-valley from the shoreline, leaving behind bedrock exposed to air for the first time in millennia. By 1916 the Grand Pacific Glacier front stood sixty-five miles from the mouth of Glacier Bay. In the 1920s it was no longer even a United States glacier; its terminus had withdrawn 1.2 miles across the Canadian boundary. By 1948, however, the Grand Pacific had pushed its way back across the U.S. border. Today it discharges icebergs into the sea at Tarr Inlet from a terminus nearly four miles across and up to 260 feet high.

Although the Grand Pacific continues to advance, the Muir Glacier — named for the celebrated naturalist — shows no sign of halting a retreat begun over a century ago. Since the time when Muir lived in a one-room cabin near its calving snout, the glacier has melted back twenty-five miles. Many other glaciers are also retreating, but a number are either holding their own or even surging forward.

The explanation of the glaciers' lack of simultaneity involves two factors: the position of their fronts and the relative elevation of the inland ice fields in which they originate. When a glacier front extends into an area where the rate of melting exceeds the volume of ice flowing down from the mountains above, it typically dumps its accumulated load of rock debris to form a terminal moraine. The glaciers extending into the waters of Glacier Bay rest their snouts on top of these ridgelike moraines. When unusually rapid melting or some other factor, such as an earthquake, causes the glacier front to withdraw from the terminal moraine into deep water behind it, the glacier begins to disintegrate. Resting on deep tidal water rather than the solid support of a moraine, the glacier front melts back quickly until it reaches shallow water. In the case of the Muir Glacier, it will probably retreat up Muir Inlet until it reaches shallow depths in which it can stabilize.

At present the advancing glaciers head in alpine ice fields that have elevations averaging about 6,500 feet. The immense snowfall that annually blankets these ice caps keeps the glaciers well nourished. By contrast, the ice streams now retreating from Glacier Bay originate at much lower elevations and do not benefit from the plentiful snows that feed their growing neighbors.

Despite the fluctuations of its ice streams, Glacier Bay still lives in a time warp, locked in the Ice Age that ended for most of the world more than 10,000 years ago. Active glaciers are still sculpturing and remodeling the mountainous landscape. The giant ice blocks that peel from the glaciers' fronts remind onlookers that nature remains the absolute mistress of this region and that human beings are merely fragile visitors.

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Stephen L. Harris *is the author of "The Other Cascade Volcanoes" in* Mount St. Helens: Five Years Later, *published by Eastern Washington University (1987).*

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Montana wilds may be rich source for the Free World

by Jim Robbins

(Above) *At the new platinum mine near Nye, Montana, the cramped, dark working space of the shaft is Robbie Zablosky's world for eight hours a day.*

(Opposite) *As a precaution, Mel Lawson checks a supply depot inside the mine that contains dynamite, among other materials.*

RARE PLATINUM FIND IN THE WEST

WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CHOOSE A STATE motto, Montana departed from the lofty sentiments favored by other Western states. While Idaho chose *Esto Perpetua*, or "It is Perpetual" and Wyoming favored "Equal Rights," Montana's choice was *Oro y Plata*: "Gold and Silver." The motto cuts right to the heart of the matter, for without those two precious metals, Montana might have come into being as a state much later and have been much poorer.

Now a newly discovered resource, the most precious of the precious metals, may render Montana's motto obsolete. Platinum and other Platinum Group Metals (PGMs) such as palladium, are being mined for the first time in the Lower 48 States in the wild and scenic Stillwater Valley of southcentral Montana, some twenty-five miles north of Yellowstone National Park. The deposit is described as one of the richest in the world.

The spanking new mine and mill in the wilds of the northern Rockies is expected to have an impact far beyond the borders of the Treasure State. The $80 million Stillwater Mine, owned by LAC Minerals, Ltd., Manville Corporation, and the managing partner, Chevron Corporation, is seen as a strategic alternative to the two major sources of platinum in the world: South Africa and the Soviet Union.

Platinum and palladium have become increasingly important to basic American industries. The malleable, silver-white metals are widely used for tools in surgery and dentistry, for jewelry and very powerful magnets, and oddly enough, are being tested as a cure for cancer. However, platinum's most important property is that it is a noble metal, which means it chemically changes other substances, yet doesn't change, itself. That makes it vital in catalytic converters for automobiles where it changes toxic carbon monoxide into harmless water and carbon dioxide. More than half of the platinum used in the U.S. is used by the automotive industry.

The Stillwater River has its origins in the snow and ice high in the expansive Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness Area, remote and wild country contiguous to Yellowstone Park. The river flows north through the Beartooth Range and then turns east, flowing through rocky ridges and giant boulders as big as houses that grace the open meadows there. Eventually the Stillwater empties into the Yellowstone River.

Along the Stillwater is the town of Nye, little more than a bar and a post office, with dozens of summer homes scattered along the river. Cattle graze alongside deer in the meadows. It

seems an unlikely place to affect even a small part of U.S. foreign policy. Between Nye and the wilderness area, just off the road is the Stillwater Mine. It is on the site of an old chromium mine that produced a low grade of chrome throughout the Korean War and then was abandoned.

I visited the mine shortly after it opened last spring. It consists of three parallel twelve-foot by twelve-foot tunnels punched into the side of the mountain, each tapping into the ore: one at 5,000 feet elevation, one at 5,150 feet, and the third at 5,300 feet. The ore deposit runs vertically, and varies in width from twenty feet to several inches, with an average of about six feet. The longest tunnel is now about 3,800 feet, eventually to extend more than 7,000 feet into the earth. The only way to get a feel for the process, says mine manager Joe Dewey, is to take a walking tour of the labyrinthine tunnels.

According to federal law each visitor to the mine must be instructed in mine rescue. That essentially consists of a small self-rescuer that clips onto your belt, something all miners wear. In the event of a mine fire, which increases carbon monoxide to life-threatening levels, you pull out the respirator and breathe through it while it chemically transforms the carbon monoxide into oxygen.

"It's like a scuba tank," says Cherie Tilley, mine foreman and my guide on the tour of the mine, "you just bite on to it. Now when the carbon monoxide level increases, this thing gets hot. It'll get so hot it'll burn your lips. But there's a reason for that, and if you happen to take it off and get a whiff of carbon monoxide, that would be the end of the program."

Doubts about whether a tour of the mine is really a good idea welling inside of me, I pull on knee-high rubber boots and a yellow raincoat. On top of my hard hat, Tilley clamps a miner's lamp, powered by a heavy battery worn on a belt. You quickly learn not to look someone in the eye when you talk, to avoid blinding them with the lamp.

We drive through a sea of pines, up a gravel road to the 5,300-foot adit. Tilley presses a button, and two large yellow metal doors swing slowly open. The headlight of an ore hauler is making its way toward us from the midnight blackness of the tunnel. It reaches the door, Tilley and the driver exchange greetings amid the din of the engine, and then the doors clang shut. Only the fragile beams from our headlamps stab into the darkness. The ore hauler gone, the only sounds come from our boots slapping in the muck and water dripping from the ceiling. In spite of state of the art air-filtering, the air in the mine is heavy with the smell of diesel and dynamite smoke.

THE PROCESS IS STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE WORKing face is the wall at the end of the tunnel. A 100-pound jackleg drill is used to drill forty-eight holes, each an inch and three-quarters across into the rock. Two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite are tamped into the holes and then discharged. Each round of explosion advances the tunnel about eleven feet and eight inches. Side tunnels off the main mine shaft, called stopes, are where most of the ore is extracted.

Though platinum mining is similar to hard-rock mining for gold and silver, there is one major difference. Platinum and palladium are found in a reef instead of a vein. This means that instead of following the same course, the metal is scattered throughout the rock, though within a general range. Also, the PGMs are in such minute quantities they're almost impossible to see in the rock; they show up under careful scrutiny as brassy pinpricks. "It's amazing to me that these specks can carry the value that can afford to pay for all of this work," Tilley says, eyes straining to see the PGMs. "There's one," he says, pointing it out with his pen. "See it? There's another."

The Platinum Group Metal deposits at the Stillwater mine are not especially rich as far as PGMs go. It takes about ten tons of rock to produce about 1.6 ounces of platinum and palladium (the ratio is about 25 percent platinum to 75 percent palladium) which would produce a coin about the size of a quarter. What is unique about the deposit is its size; the reef is about twenty-eight miles long and rivals South Africa's Merensky Reef, the free world's largest source of PGMs. Mining executives say as many as four or five other mines may be feasible here.

"It's a significant development," says Simon Strauss, a former vice-chairman of the ASARCO mining company and presently a member of the U.S. Department of the Interior's Committee on National Strategic Materials and Minerals Program. "It will provide the country with about 5 percent of its platinum and 10 percent of its palladium." Those percentages may double, Strauss says, if planned expansions occur.

Recent dark clouds over the South African political situation have a platinum lining for the Stillwater Mining Company. Since January of 1985 platinum has more than doubled in value to nearly $600 an ounce. It has a way to go to reach its historic high, however; in 1980 the metal soared to $1,040 per ounce.

The breadbox-sized pieces of rock are hauled to the concentrator, a rambling metal building that constantly hums, south of the mine mouth. The rock is dumped into a hopper and from there goes into a giant tumbler where the large rocks are mixed with the smaller, this crushing action pulverizing them to small pieces; they are then sent through a mill that pulverizes the small rocks to the consistency of talcum powder.

Chemicals with an affinity for the PGM sulfides are added to the powder. The powder is mixed with water and then drained through a long series of open tanks. Air is forced through the powder/water mixture, creating large bubbles which, because of the chemicals, adhere to the PGMs. Bearing their precious cargo, the bubbles are forced over the sharp edges of the tanks. The concentrated materials stay behind and are later scraped off the edges of the tanks. This slurry — technically called slime — is taken to a drum and further filtered to a muddy cakelike consistency. The cake is dried to a powder, and the powder is placed in large bags — two tons to the bag. At this stage, with the PGMs having gone from .8 ounce per ton of rock to 50 ounces per ton of powder, the concentrating process in Montana has ended.

The Stillwater Mining Company began production last April, processing some 500 tons of ore per day, with plans to double that eventually. "People criticize American business for never looking past its quarterly returns, but that's not true in this situation," says manager Joe Dewey. "We're looking ahead."

The bags are taken by truck to Billings, placed on rail cars and freignted to Halifax, Nova Scotia. From there the bags are loaded onto ocean-going vessels and shipped to a custom refinery in Belgium or Norway where the concentrate is reduced to the final product. In addition to platinum and palladium, the refining process also extracts gold, silver, copper, nickel, and rhodium.

The mine has proved a boon to this agricultural region that has been hit hard by the slump in cattle prices, providing nearly 200 permanent jobs that pay as much as $13 an hour, with an annual payroll of over $3.2 million and the promise of more to come. Dan Patterson, assistant vice-president of Absarokee's only bank, says the effect of the mine on this town of 1,000 souls has been critical.

"The local grocery stores, the restaurants, the blacksmith shop, even the bars and taverns, all up and down Main Street, every little business has picked up," he says. "The mine seems to be conscientious in employing local people and getting them involved."

With the agriculture, timber, and energy industries still in a slump, Montana is ready to take on the role of the major supplier of Platinum Group Metals in the free world.

Jim Robbins *writes about the West from Helena, Montana, for the* New York Times, Chicago Tribune Magazine, *and other publications. See his "Biosphere II: Our Western home in outer space" in* AMERICAN WEST, *August 1987.*

WESTERN CAMP TALES

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CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Breath of the Gila Monster

by Mike Blakely

The name Charles M. Russell evokes images of the Old West suspended forever on canvas. His sketches and paintings that haven't faded and crumbled from the walls of Montana saloons and cabins now reside the world over in museums and private collections.

Yet Russell's talent as a sculptor goes largely unheralded. As a trapper, nighthawk, and roving cowpuncher, "Kid Russell" habitually carried a hunk of clay or, more often, beeswax in his pocket or saddlebag. This he could form into perfect miniatures of antelope, buffalo, and other denizens of the Great Plains and Rocky Mountains.

Working behind his back without benefit of sight, Russell could model beeswax into bulls or broncos within seconds, to the astonishment of his friends. When Charlie molded the wax into familiar shapes under the table of a cow-town saloon, the cowboy who could not guess what subject Charlie would present next had to buy drinks all around.

Once, a stranger interrupted one of Charlie's exhibitions, coveting a waxen grizzly sow flanked by two cubs in the artist's hands. "How much will you take for those bears?" asked the stranger.

"Ten dollars!" said Charlie, as a joke.

"I'll give you five," the eager buyer offered.

Russell instantly slammed his sculpted bruins down on the bar, flattening them into an uninteresting lump. Before the would-be art collector could react, Charlie ripped the lump in two and quickly formed the same sow and cubs, half size, from one of the pieces. "Sold!" he said, placing the reduced sculpture in front of the purchaser.

Russell's reputation as a painter also supersedes his eminence as a trickster and practical joker. When he finally made up his mind to be more artist than cowboy around 1890, Russell moved to Great Falls, Montana, to paint and sculpt full time. Sometime after that, he took a trip to Arizona and returned with a reptilian curiosity of that Southwestern territory called a Gila monster.

A few folks in Montana had heard of the Gila monster's deadly bite, but Charlie claimed his dangerous pet possessed an even greater weapon — a lethal vapor which the cold-blooded killer exhaled with every breath.

Though Charlie kept the monster enclosed in a glass case at the Silver Dollar saloon, onlookers would not approach without bandannas protecting their faces. One by one, the citizens of Great Falls inched forward to risk a furtive glance at the lethargic beast in the case. They quickly noted its thick tail, squat body, and bulbous head. The undersized legs were tipped with shiny black claws. Orange markings struck an alarming contrast against the scaly black body. The eyes shone with alert vigilance. The moment the observers imagined they saw the Gila monster exhale, they ended their studies in natural history and bolted for fresh air.

The propriety of such a dangerous beast residing in a public saloon soon became an issue before the City Council of Great Falls. The thoughtful town fathers decided the risk was too great to innocent drunkards who might accidentally inhale the noxious fumes emanating from the Gila monster. A runner was sent to tell Charlie Russell his beast must be destroyed.

Charlie sent the runner back to the council meeting, inviting the councilmen and the mayor to come by the Silver Dollar after adjournment to witness the demise of the lizard. Most of the townspeople also determined to attend the swift execution of the council's edict.

When the Silver Dollar was packed to capacity, Charlie removed the red sash he habitually wore around his waist and tied it across his face like a highwayman. Tension gripped the onlookers as the cowboy artist approached the glass den of his Arizona immigrant. A collective gasp from the citizenry sucked the swinging saloon doors inward as Charlie opened the glass case.

With a quick and careful grasp, the owner gripped his pet behind the head with one hand and by the tail with the other. The councilmen's eyes widened as Charlie approached them with the reptile. No one dared risk a breath.

The mayor drew back in terror as Charlie singled him out as the principal witness. With the lizard almost nose-to-nose with the squirming mayor, Charlie's powerful hands wrenched violently around the body of the Gila monster. With a dull crack, he broke the back of the beast.

Bits of black- and orange-painted clay crumbled into the mayor's lap as Great Falls breathed a sigh of pure relief. Riotous laughter followed, and the saloon took in eight hundred dollars that night.

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Mike Blakely *manages Blakely Features Syndicate, a nationwide newspaper service, and writes free-lance articles for several magazines.*

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore.* AMERICAN WEST *does not sell them.

Windbreak: A Woman Rancher on the Northern Plains *by Linda Hasselstrom (Barn Owl Books, Berkeley, CA, 1987; 256 pp., glossary, paper $12.95).*
Poet and writer Hasselstrom is a South Dakota rancher, raising cattle year-round with her husband and parents. *Windbreak* features her journal entries over the course of a year, sprinkled with poems about life on the ranch. From the pleasure of sighting spring's first meadowlark to the laborious chores of calving time, Hasselstrom vividly relates the experience of family ranching in the 1980s.

Official Images: New Deal Photography *by Pete Daniel, Merry A. Foresta, Maren Stange, and Sally Stein (Smithsonian Institution Press, Washington, D.C.,1987; 208 pp., illus., paper $24.95).*
Photographs depicting migrant laborers, women in wartime industry, youthful members of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and many others reveal a country in transition. Agricultural images document scientific strides forward while photos of bread lines portray the grim state of the economy. In addition to providing a fascinating social history, the photographs are often moving works of art.

In Condor Country *by David Darlington (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1987; 245 pp., biblio., index, $15.95).*
To chronicle the California condor's demise, Darlington focuses on longtime San Luis Obispo County ranchers and conservationists Eben and Ian McMillan. Both in their eighties, the McMillans are fiercely outspoken against the captive breeding plan for saving condors from extinction, believing nature should be left alone. The story of their campaigns against destruction of condor habitat describes not only the plight of the condor but that of all wildlife sacrificed in the name of progress.

Hanging the Sheriff: A Biography of Henry Plummer *by R. E. Mather and F. E. Boswell (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1987; 236 pp., illus., index, biblio., notes, $17.95).*
Sheriff of Bannack, Montana, and surrounding mining districts, Henry Plummer was hanged in 1864 by the settlers of Bannack and Virginia City for crimes of robbery and murder in Idaho and Montana. The authors hold that Plummer was innocent of the charges. They also point out that Plummer's later legend as a desperado was largely based on two accounts written after his death. The story of Plummer's escapades makes exciting reading, and the authors' meticulous research provides many details about life on the Montana frontier.

Words for the Wild: The Sierra Club Trailside Reader, *ed. by Ann Ronald (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1987; 384 pp., paper $10.95).*
A perfect trail companion for midafternoon breaks or rainy days in the tent, this totebook contains excerpts of literary gems by nature and environmental writers from Ralph Waldo Emerson to Edward Abbey. Editor Ronald has knowledgeably selected chapters by John Wesley Powell, John Muir, Mary Austin, and others that offer a nineteenth century perspective on discovering the power and beauty of areas such as the Grand Canyon and the Sierra Nevada. More recent pieces by Wallace Stegner, Loren Eiseley, and Barry Lopez, to name a few, offer insight into enjoying and appreciating the wilderness in a nuclear age.

John Ringo: The Gunfighter Who Never Was *by Jack Burrows (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1987; 257 pp., index, notes, references, $21.95).*
In an engaging style, Burrows shoots down the romantic myth that Arizona outlaw John Ringo was a deadeye gunman with evidence based on years of careful research. Burrows claims that writers have embroidered Ringo's association with the Clantons in Tombstone, building up a portrait of the quintessential Western gunfighter, driven by some dark event in his past. Ringo is shown to be a possibly psychopathic, cowardly man, whose renown may rest solely on the tonal quality of his name.

Homesteading the High Desert *by Barbara Allen (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1987; 185 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $25.00).*
Drawn by the promise of ample, productive land for ranching and farming, homesteaders flocked to Oregon's high desert country in Lake County between 1905 and 1915. Drawing on letters, diaries, and oral histories, Allen skillfully relates why the people were drawn to such an inhospitable area, how they fared, and why nearly all had left by the 1920s. She looks at regional and national motivating forces such as the railroads, land companies, and a national tendency to romanticize the frontier that may have compelled homesteaders to attempt what was an impossible task.

The Women's West, *ed. and intro. by Susan Armitage and Elizabeth Jameson (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1987; 334 pp., illus., notes, index, cloth $24.95, paper $12.95).*
Women played a much greater and more varied role in the settling of the West than most historical accounts credit them, this book asserts. Twenty-one pieces by Western authorities discuss the situation of American Indian, Mexican, and Hispanic women in the West as well as that of women who emigrated from the East. Examples drawn from letters, diaries, literature, and other sources portray women as instrumental in establishing frontier communities, adapting with courage and ingenuity to the heavy workload their new environment presented.

American Miners' Carbide Lamps: A Collector's Guide to American Carbide Mine Lighting *by Gregg S. Clemmer, illus. by Wendell E. Wilson (Westernlore Press, Tucson, AZ, 1987; 126 pp., illus., biblio., index, appen., $19.95).*
Carbide lamp collectors will flip over this

Continued on page 53

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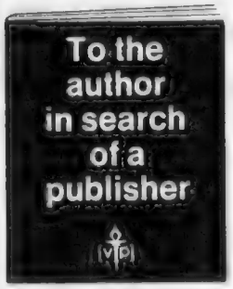

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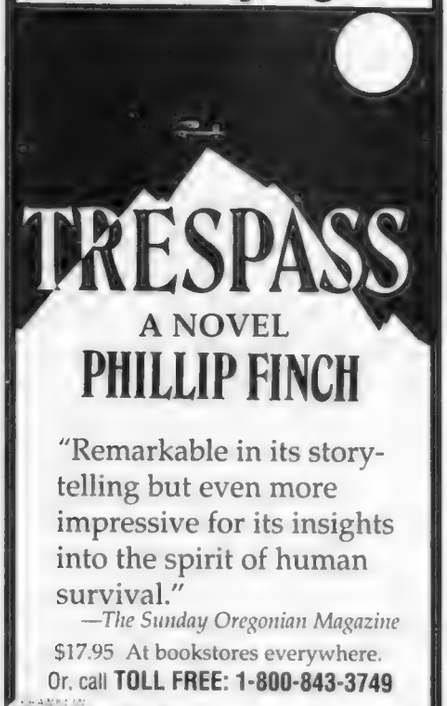

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by Peter F. Stevens

WYATT EARP'S WORD IS GOOD WITH ME!

In the ring the gunman runs into trouble

GUNFIGHTER, UNITED STATES MARSHAL, SALOONKEEPER, GAMBLER — these were habitual roles for Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, but when the legendary Western lawman provoked one of the most controversial episodes of his stormy career, he did so in the unfamiliar guise of a boxing referee.

"Referee" Earp's performance during the Tom Sharkey–Bob Fitzsimmons prizefight on December 2, 1896, nearly incited a riot among the fifteen thousand fans inside San Francisco's Mechanics' Pavilion. In the weeks before the eagerly anticipated heavyweight bout, rumors of a "fixed" fight had swirled through the city's hotels, saloons, and bordellos. The stunning conclusion of the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons brawl ignited the smoldering innuendos into a conflagration, for Earp declared that the winner was the man sprawled unconscious upon the blood-spattered canvas.

When Wyatt Earp appeared in a Western town or city, his presence often heralded a maelstrom of controversy. His residency in San Francisco throughout the latter months of 1896 proved no exception. The forty-eight-year-old ex-marshal's ever-present revolver posed equal menace to Dodge City's raucous cattlemen and to San Francisco's roving gangs of waterfront toughs.

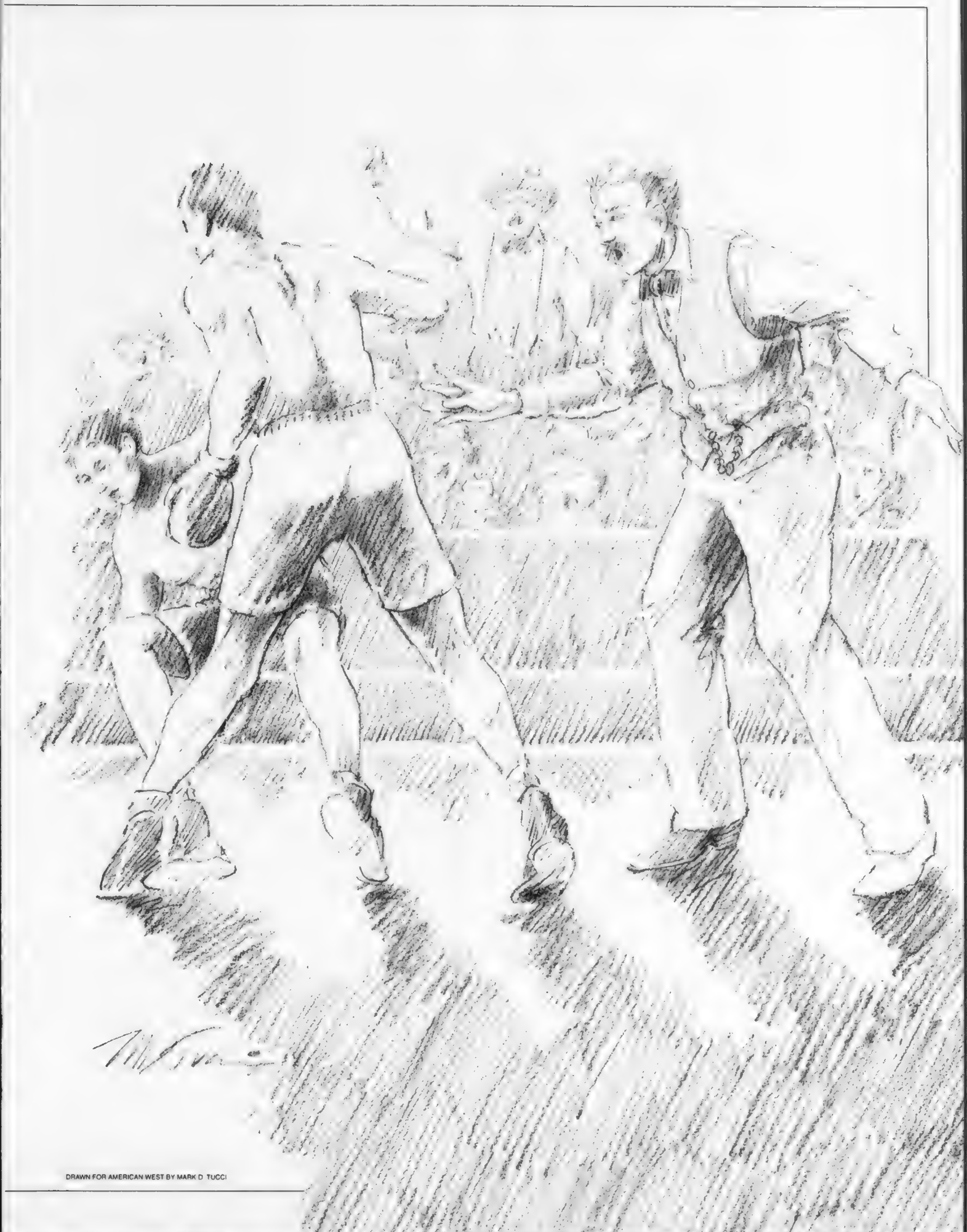
An expert practitioner of the Old West's gunplay and fisticuffs, Earp was also an avid prizefighting afficionado. His passion for the sport, which was still illegal in many states, was not merely confined to the action inside the ring. Whenever Earp attended a bout, the odds were excellent he had laid a heavy wager on one of the combatants.

In late 1896, newspapers from New York City to San Francisco teemed with articles and opinions about the upcoming Tom Sharkey–Bob Fitzsimmons clash, and as fight night approached, a ticket to the bout became one of the West's hottest properties. Fitzsimmons was the decided favorite. America's most savvy gamblers believed Sharkey would mount a spirited challenge but would wither beneath the onslaught of Fitzsimmons' superb punching skills.

The two boxers, who would be fighting for a princely purse of $10,000 and a title bout against the world heavyweight champion "Gentleman" Jim Corbett, were marked contrasts in style. "Ruby" Robert Fitzsimmons, a hard-nosed, thirty-four-year-old New Zealander, was the reigning middleweight champ, but the heavyweight crown was the prize he had craved throughout his career. His opponents uneasily noticed the man's massive chest and sinewy arms. Fitzsimmons' relentless ring technique, which some writers likened to a panther stalking its prey, his wondrous reflexes, and his brutal punching thrilled fans and cowed adversaries. His tough-guy image enhanced by his pet tiger, the New Zealander had vowed not only to defeat Sharkey but to destroy him.

The underdog, Thomas "Sailor" Sharkey, was an Irish emigrant who had served in the United States Navy. The twenty-three-year-old boxer's bristly haircut, steel-blue eyes, and 180 pounds of muscle tautly stretched across a mere five-foot, eight-and-one-half-inch frame evoked comparisons to a pit bullterrier. Possessing an unrivaled ability to shrug off his foes' hardest punches and relying upon a devastating left hook that more than compensated for his glaring lack of agility, Sharkey was confident that his brute strength would overwhelm Fitzsimmons' dazzling skills. The Irishman's ring credo was fiercely simple: "Always fight — never box!"

WYATT EARP HAD BEEN "LIVING HIGH" IN San Francisco during the fall of 1896, hiring out as an expensive bodyguard, watching his string of thoroughbreds competing at Ingleside Racetrack, and residing at Lucky Baldwin's Hotel, one of the city's most colorful establishments. Whether he was chatting with admir-



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK D. TUCCI

ers in the Baldwin's plush lobby or killing a thirst in the hotel's elegant bar, Earp heard every rumor that the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons bout was fixed.

As a bettor, the lawman was fully aware that Fitzsimmons would probably take Sharkey apart, but in the week before the fight, serious betting on the underdog attracted the scrutiny of Earp and his sporting cronies and alarmed the Fitzsimmons camp. "Ruby" Robert's diminutive but feisty manager Martin Julian believed that only a bribed referee could steal a victory from Fitzsimmons. Julian refused to sanction any referees proposed by the fight's promoters, J. J. Groom and John Gibbs.

Terrified that Fitzsimmons might pull out of the bout and wreck what promised to be a hefty payday, Groom and Gibbs had failed to come up with an acceptable referee by the morning of the fight. Desperate, they turned to a man whose detractors proclaimed a glorified outlaw and whose legions of admirers dubbed the epitome of "gameness, squareness, and fair play."

The two promoters and a representative of Mechanics' Pavilion approached Earp in the Baldwin's lobby on the afternoon of December 2. The lawman was headed for Ingleside Racetrack, his pockets bulging with cash and his revolver serving as insurance against robbers. Startled by the promoters' request and aware of Julian's attitude, Earp weighed the proposal. After some time, the entreaties wore down the gunslinger, and Earp agreed to referee if no other man could be found. Hoping that Julian would not have the temerity to accuse Earp of dishonesty and caring little that Earp had never officiated at a professional bout, Groom and Gibbs had no intention of seeking another candidate.

The intensity of the fight escalated, and Earp's inexperience hampered his efforts to gain control.

They summoned Earp, who was dining across the street from the arena, around 8:00 P.M. When he strode into the sprawling, smoke-filled arena, he was greeted by his admirers' boisterous applause. But when he clambered through the ringside ropes and was introduced as the referee, a growl rumbled from thousands of throats and rapidly swelled to a deafening crescendo of jeers and hisses. The fans were mindful of Julian's charges and therefore suspicious of the promoters' last-minute unveiling of an utterly inexperienced referee. In the boxing world of the 1890s, there were no ringside judges and physicians. The referee alone decided the winner.

The West's most famous lawman, his feet spread wide and his outstretched, gun hand gesturing for order, glowered at the crowd. His eyes had the desired effect, and the clamor ebbed to mutters. Clad in a brimmed hat, a frock coat, and a vest, Earp began to speak. He denounced all fight-fixing accusations and promised an honest bout. Unless the fans believed him, he said, he would not referee the fight.

The crowd's shouts of approval were short-lived. As Earp shed his coat, he was greeted by catcalls. The marshal's .45, with its sinister barrel and its polished walnut butt, prompted the jeers. His face reddening, Earp surrendered the weapon. Then a fan shouted that Earp was a "two-gun man." When San Francisco Police Captain Whitman turned to Earp, the gunslinger shook his head, but the fan demanded proof. Whitman stood up and bellowed, "Wyatt Earp's word is good with me!" Following Whitman's terse vote of confidence, Referee Earp beckoned the fighters to the center of the ring, and moments later, the bout commenced.

FOOLISHLY, SHARKEY CHARGED HIS RIVAL. WITHin seconds, Sharkey became acquainted with his opponent's vaunted right, and Earp learned that these fighters were an entirely different breed from the rowdy patrons of Dodge City or Tombstone saloons. The lawman gaped as Fitzsimmons launched the bout's first blow, one of the most destructive punches Earp had ever witnessed. Sharkey collapsed, his left ear shattered. It was the first time he had ever been knocked down. Earp moved toward the prone, bleeding boxer but hastily jumped aside as the glassy-eyed Irishman "bounced off the canvas, crazy with pain, and knocked Fitzsimmons down with a left hook." The incredibly savage tempo of the evening had been established.

The second round went somewhat smoother for the inexperienced Earp. Summoning all vestiges of his once-magnificent gunslinger's reflexes, he maintained an uneasy order in the ring and began to relax a bit. Then, in the third round, controversy materialized with fierce swiftness. Fitzsimmons threw a right uppercut, later immortalized as his "solar plexus punch," and the blow slammed below Sharkey's belt. While Sharkey's supporters howled in outrage, Earp raced to the stricken boxer's side. "You hurt?" the referee asked. "Not much," Tom gasped, "don't stop it!" Sharkey somehow shook off the effects of the low blow and lurched at Fitzsimmons.

The cruel intensity of the fight escalated during rounds four through seven, stoking the fans' emotions to white-hot levels. In spite of Earp's constant warnings to both Sharkey and Fitzsimmons, the marshal's rawness in the ring hampered his earnest efforts. The bout was more a street brawl than a prizefight.

As the referee hovered gamely abreast the fighters in the eighth round, Sharkey and Fitzsimmons closed on each other and were quickly entwined in a bruising clinch. The New Zealander snapped a left to the Irishman's chin, driving Sharkey back a step. With the speed of a striking rattlesnake, Fitzsimmons unleashed a right uppercut at his opponent's solar plexus, but the Irishman suddenly stumbled forward, his clumsy reaction jarring Fitzsimmons' timing. The dyna-

mite in "Ruby" Robert's right hand exploded below Sharkey's belt.

Earp immediately realized that Sharkey would not rise from the canvas. A ringside reporter for the Associated Press recorded the writhing Irishman's plight:

> Sharkey was undoubtedly hurt. He was unable to move his legs, though he clutched spasmodically at his groin with his gloved hand. His seconds rushed into the ring and raised him up, but he fainted away and was borne from the ring unconscious. Hardly anyone saw the foul (because the boxers were in a tight clinch). It was apparently unintentional. [Stuart N. Lake, *Wyatt Earp*, 193[illegible], p. 369.]

Bracing himself for the fans' inevitable reaction, Earp announced that Fitzsimmons had landed a foul blow and that Sharkey was the winner. When the referee handed the $10,000 check to Sharkey's manager, a torrent of boos and curses spewed from the sagging bleachers high above the canvas and merged with the outcry from the high-priced ringside seats.

The din from Fitzsimmons' supporters, who "knew" Earp was "crooked" and Sharkey's condition was a "ruse," rattled the walls of the ramshackle arena. Storming about the ring, the near-apoplectic Julian denounced Groom, Gibbs, Sharkey, and Earp and vowed to expose their "crime." Fitzsimmons, unbowed by the ex-marshal's stern expression, scowled back but had the good sense not to attack the beleaguered Earp. Poor Sharkey was still out cold and would not learn of the uproar until he awoke in his hotel room. The police eventually restored order.

JULIAN AND HIS ALLIES, INCLUDING A SAN FRANcisco publisher who had dropped a staggering $20,000 bet on Fitzsimmons, mounted a dogged legal assault against the promoters and a vicious smear campaign against Earp. On December 3, the day after the fight, Julian obtained a court injunction preventing Sharkey's manager from cashing the $10,000 check. A hearing in San Francisco District Court was scheduled for December 17.

As the furor increased during the next two weeks, newspapers on both sides of the Mississippi covered every aspect of the debacle. Earp endured a tempest of scathing editorial attacks from the San Francisco press, which accused him of accepting a bribe to fix the bout in Sharkey's favor. However, other papers across the nation were more evenhanded in their approach.

On December 17, Judge Sanderson of San Francisco District Court overturned the injunction and ordered that the winner's $10,000 check be honored. (The next day Sharkey staggered from his bed to cash the check at the Anglo-California Bank). All charges against the promoters were dismissed. On one charge, however, Earp was found guilty. He was fined $50 for carrying a concealed revolver into Mechanics' Pavilion.

Martin Julian and his associates refused to let their allegations of Earp's "crookedness" die. The city's newspapers continued to print specious and wide-ranging charges against the lawman. Earp's enemies also hunted for shady episodes of Earp's checkered career, seeking out "victims" in his old turf of Dodge City, Tombstone, and Wichita. To Julian's utter frustration, the search turned up little that was not already known about the marshal. One interview, which Julian and his associates attempted to squelch, ran in papers all across America, bolstering Earp's battered reputation. Earp's honesty, an influential citizen of Wichita proclaimed, would stand up "in the face of an arsenal."

Earp was vindicated by the opinions of six doctors.

Earp's controversial decision was also supported by medical evidence of Sharkey's injury. Six physicians, approved by all concerned parties — the promoters, the California medical community, the Sharkey camp, and Julian himself — examined Sharkey in his hotel room. All six doctors reached the conclusion that "no man could have stood up for an instant after such an injury had been inflicted," supporting Earp's statement that Fitzsimmons' blow had landed foul.

Even "Ruby" Robert finally accepted Earp's verdict, as related by Sharkey in 1936:

> Certain I am that Fitzsimmons did not foul me purposely, but aimed at my belly. They showed him what the blow did to me, and he said he was sorry, and we shook hands and were friends. [Tom Sharkey, *The Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 12, 1936, p. 37.]

To Earp, who had felt angry and helpless as the press trampled his reputation, the medical report was vindication. But his numerous detractors would never agree that the controversial lawman had refereed an honest fight. Despite the veil of suspicion still blurring the events inside the ring of Mechanics' Pavilion on the evening of December 2, 1896, the evidence backs Earp's contention that he called an honest fight. Captain Whitman of the San Francisco Police Department voiced the sentiments of most American boxing fans in 1896:

"Wyatt Earp's word is good with me!"

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Peter F. Stevens *lives in Massachusetts.*

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PHOTO BY KEN NEWMAN

Cowboy Newman Engraves Intricate Silver Jewelry

Yell Newman took up the art of jewelry-making in a roundabout way, but his striking, intricately detailed silver buckles, concho belts, and earrings come by their Western styling honestly. The ninth of thirteen children born to a Swedish immigrant father and an Oregon pioneer mother of Swedish descent, Newman grew up on a Washington ranch helping to tend the family's range and dairy cattle and grain crops.

He first began creating simple pieces of jewelry during World War II. As a second lieutenant in the artillery, Newman spent two years in the South Pacific theater, where he cut and engraved brass artillery shells with his pocketknife to pass the time between air raids. He sent the trinkets home to family and friends, who encouraged him to make more of his unique earrings and buckles.

Discharged as a first lieutenant, Newman returned stateside to take up work as a ranch hand on various Western spreads and dude ranches. Upon occasion he would design a piece of jewelry for a ranch guest from brass or silver, depending on his economic situation at the time. Over the years he honed his jewelry-making skills by patient practice and by observing other jewelers' handiwork. Newman opened his first jewelry shop around 1950 in Scottsdale, Arizona, at a time when Indians would drive horse-drawn wagons along dirt roads from the nearby reservation to his shop in town.

Since that first shop, Newman has periodically operated others in cities such as Reno and Carson City, Nevada, running each one for a time before closing down to return to ranch work. He now maintains a workshop in his home in Tucson, Arizona, using hand tools to engrave his masterful, abstract designs in silver. Newman rarely exhibits his beautiful pieces in Western craft shows, preferring to market them through the shop that his son Ken and daughter-in-law Barbara, who are also jewelers, operate in Traildust Town in Tucson, Arizona.

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WESTERN LORE

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

The First Snowmobile — Skis and Wheels and Ingenuity

by Anne Walker Cassidy

In February 1927, my mother and father, Nan and Ed Walker, set out from Denver to drive to Craig, in northwestern Colorado, where they planned to open a Ford dealership. Situated on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, Craig had about 3,500 people at that time and consisted of one main street about four blocks long, Victory Highway, and a cross street of the same length. Wheat fields and sheep and cattle ranches covered the surrounding countryside.

According to my mother's account of the years in Craig, times were lean. Her amusing story tell how our family's trials and tribulations in the car business led to the invention of the first snowmobile:

Soon we were settled in [my mother wrote]. By April and spring breakup, we were ready for business. For one month we were able to get cars, and then Ford Motor Company closed down to bring out a new model. So, we had no cars to sell!

Finally came the day when Ford Motor said we could have a new car, the wonderful Model A, and Ed left by train for Denver. He returned in the car, having to drive through Wyoming since the [Colorado] passes were closed, and late one Saturday evening he came through town blowing his horn down the length of Victory Highway. As he made the turn to come back to the garage, he hit a snowbank and got stuck.

In the old Model T we could rock back and forth, and often on the reverse get out of a bank. So, Ed shifted gears quickly in this new car and tore the rear gears. He had to get the service truck to tow it to the garage. Fortunately, the trip was made without too many people seeing that it had to be towed, but soon folks began to come in to see the new car. Ed told them he would have it in the showroom in the morning. That night the boys worked feverishly to remove the rear end, then pulled the car into the showroom.

In the morning Ed called the Denver Ford Motor Company to send us a rear-end assembly. About eight that morning folks began coming in to see the new car. We had a record player with a lecture about the workings of the wonderful new Ford. Folks were soon jamming the place.

"Why can't we have a ride?"

"No, one week from today we will put it on the road."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing."

Soon the bets were starting.

"I bet $5.00 it won't run. Show us."

"No. One week from today."

So it went all week long. By Wednesday the assembly arrived, and Wednesday night the car was sneaked out of the showroom and stripped of its bad parts, then placed again in the showroom for display. So it went the rest of the week, car sneaked out, new parts installed, back in the showroom. On Monday morning a real big crowd had gathered. At nine o'clock the boys took the car from the showroom, and the rides began. All day Ed was busy demonstrating and I was busy taking orders. We had twenty-seven bona fide orders with deposits that first day. No definite time was set on delivery, but we felt sure after waiting so long for the cars that now we were going to reap a harvest.

January ran into February, February into March, then April. We now had two hundred and seven deposits and no deliveries and people were growing restless. We had to begin to refund deposits, for spring was here and folks were able to travel. So, one by one our deposits were returned. It was not until August that we were given a car to sell, and we were facing another winter when for days we would not have any business.

During these tough times, my father looked for ways to support his family, and he came up with the idea for a "snow mobile." He used old car parts and directed his mechanic in building a contraption that could navigate almost anywhere over the winter terrain. Instead of wheels on the front of the car he had skis, and on the rear, dual wheels. He was in business again. Sales of snowmobiles enabled my family to get through the winter.

Despite all their efforts, the Walker family lost money in Craig. Mom said that when they went there she had a Chickering piano, a two-carat diamond, and a fur coat. "We left with the shirts on our backs," she said.

Anne Walker Cassidy *now lives in Cucamonga, California.*

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 42)

history and guide to the "Justrites," "Autolites," and many other brands of brass acetylene lamps that once illuminated coal and ore mines around the world. Clemmer chronicles the invention and subsequent improvements of the carbide lamp, as well as giving background information on past manufacturers, accompanied by Wilson's excellent illustrations. Since carbide lamps are no longer made in this country, collecting them can be challenging, making this guide a valuable aid in the search.

Cyclists Route Atlas: A Guide to the Gold Country and High Sierra/North *by Randall Gray Braun (Heyday Books, Berkeley, CA, 1987; 160 pp., illus., maps, appen., paper $8.95).*

Cycle through the magnificent scenery and picturesque towns of the northern Sierra Nevada wth this handy book to guide you. Braun's helpful maps and detailed text offer routes that take you through rolling hills or majestic mountain passes, with the total climb in feet noted. The trips are grouped together geographically, allowing cyclists to leave their gear at a base camp or motel in order to enjoy the countryside unencumbered. Braun suggests travelers set out in early autumn to avoid the congested tourist season and the hot weather.

Photographer: Russell Lee, *a videotape by Ann Mundy (Ann Mundy & Associates, Film & Video Productions, Austin, TX, 1986; 58 minutes, $250.)*

Mundy's excellent documentary video on photographer Russell Lee presents over 400 of Lee's captivating images as well as interviews with Lee and his contemporaries. Lee talks about the six years he spent photographing the rural poor in the West for the federal government during the Depression, as well as later projects. His eloquent photos of residents of areas such as Pie Town, New Mexico, reveal his great talent for straightforward photography.

The Bed-and-Breakfast Traveler: Touring the West Coast *by Lewis Green (Pacific Search Press, Seattle, WA, 1987; 250 pp., illus., index, paper $10.95).*

From San Francisco to Vancouver, British Columbia, this dandy guide describes cozy bed-and-breakfasts along the northern West Coast region. Green also provides a list of points of interest in each area, along with tips on where to dine and what kinds of clothes to pack. Ranging from the Victorian charm of California's Gold Country inns to the cozy warmth of farmhouses on Washington islands, these bed-and-breakfasts offer pleasing alternatives to humdrum hotels, providing the visitor with a sense of history and place.

Prairie Smoke *by Melvin R. Gilmore, intro. by Roger L. Welsch (First published 1929. Minnesota Historical Society Press, St. Paul, 1987; 270 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $6.95).*

In compiling this collection of Plains Indian lore and folktales, ethnobotanist Gilmore strove to bring "a wisp of prairie smoke," as he put it, to each reader. The colorful tales and Indian traditions represent the cultures of Omaha, Ogalala Sioux, Pawnee, Ponca, Hidatsa, and other Plains tribes, describing a now-vanished way of life. Gilmore realized that the "Fires of Change" were sweeping across the prairie in the early 1900s, and with this delightful book he hoped to preserve what he felt was an essential part of America's heritage.

Jessie Benton Frémont: American Woman of the Nineteenth Century *by Pamela Herr (Franklin Watts, New York, 1987; 496 pp., notes, biblio., index, $24.95).*

Herr pictures the restricted life of nineteenth-century women in America through the story of Jessie Benton Frémont, who was forced by her era to be the woman behind the man. Missouri Senator Thomas Hart Benton encouraged his young daughter Jessie in her willful and independent spirit, but as she approached womanhood, he was dismayed when she did not conform to the accepted behavior of young ladies her age. In her impetuous marriage to John C. Frémont, Jessie found the outlet for her energy. Her loyalty never wavered during Frémont's erratic career as she fought for his advancement and more than once for his reputation. Among the sources for this work are unpublished letters not used by previous biographers.

The Edge of Fire: Volcano and Earthquake Country in Western North America and Hawaii *by Robert Wenkam (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1987; 161 pp., illus., biblio., $35.00).*

Photojournalist Robert Wenkam was the first to photograph the beginning of a volcanic eruption (in the early 1950s in Hawaii). He has since spent much time studying and photographing how Hawaii and western North America shake and move. Along with

Continued on page 77

QUALITY HAVENS FOR WESTERN TRAVELERS

The following hotels and inns have been selected to feature AMERICAN WEST magazine in their rooms. Their accommodations are some of the finest in the West.

ARIZONA

A1 **Circle Z Ranch, Inc.,** Patagonia
A2 **Elkhorn Ranch, Inc.,** Tucson
A3 **Flying E Ranch,** Wickenburg
A4 **Hassayampa Inn,** Prescott
A5 **Kay El Bar Guest Ranch,** Wickenburg
A6 **L'Auberge de Sedona,** Sedona
A7 **Little America,** Flagstaff
4-star, 4-diamond hotel. Easy driving to Grand Canyon, Indian ruins, red rocks, and more!
A8 **Loews Ventana Canyon Resort,** Tucson
A9 **The Orchards,** Sedona
A10 **Paradise Valley,** Scottsdale
A11 **Poco Diablo,** Sedona
A12 **Rancho de Caballeros,** Wickenburg
A13 **Stouffer Cottonwoods Resort,** Scottsdale
A14 **Tucson Doubletree Hotel,** Tucson
A15 **Tucson National Resort & Spa,** Tucson
A16 **Westcourt in the Buttes,** Tempe
A17 **Westward Look Resort,** Tucson
A18 **Wickenburg Inn Tennis Ranch,** Wickenburg
A19 **The Wigwam Inn, Inc.,** Litchfield

ARKANSAS

B1 **Scott Valley Dude Ranch,** Mountain Home
B2 **Sheraton Hot Springs Resort,** Hot Springs

CALIFORNIA

C1 **Beach Terrace Inn,** Carlsbad
C2 **Beverly Garland,** Sacramento
C3 **Bodega Bay Lodge,** Bodega Bay
C4 **Breakers Hotel,** Long Beach
C5 **Chateau,** Napa
C6 **Embarcadero Inn,** Morro Bay
C7 **Embassy Suites Napa,** Napa
C8 **Fairfield Harbortown Resort,** Ventura
C9 **Gene Autry Hotel,** Palm Springs
Resort property—3 swimming pools, 2 whirlpools, 6 tennis courts with tennis school available.
C10 **Griswold's Hotel,** Claremont
C11 **Half Moon Bay Lodge,** Half Moon Bay
C12 **Hotel Durant,** Berkeley
C13 **Hotel La Rose,** Santa Rosa
C14 **Hunewill Circle H,** Bridgeport
C15 **Industry Hills Sheraton Resort,** City of Industry
C16 **La Playa Hotel,** Carmel
C17 **Le Meridien,** San Francisco
C18 **Montecito Inn,** Santa Barbara
C19 **Piccadilly Inn Shaw,** Fresno
C20 **Piccadilly Inn Airport,** Fresno
C21 **Piccadilly Inn University,** Fresno
C22 **Rankin Ranch,** Caliente
C23 **San Luis Bay Inn,** Avila Beach
C24 **The Shaw House Inn,** Ferndale
C25 **Sheraton Royal Scandinavian,** Solvang
C26 **Sheraton Sunnyvale Hotel,** Sunnyvale
C27 **Stallion Springs Resort,** Tehachapi
C28 **Toll House Inn,** Boonville
C29 **Tree House Inn,** Mt. Shasta
C30 **White Sulphur Springs Ranch,** Clio

COLORADO

D1 **Antlers Hotel,** Colorado Springs
D2 **Aspen Lodge Ranch Resort,** Estes Park
Nestled at the base of Longs Peak, this magnificent resort has everything. 4-Diamond AAA rating, fine international cuisine, sports center, miles of cross-country ski trails, snowmobiling, swimming, tennis, and much more! Aspen Lodge . . . truly Colorado.
D3 **Bar Lazy J Ranch,** Parshall
D4 **Brown Palace,** Denver
D5 **Cherokee Park Ranch, Inc.,** Livermore
D6 **Cheyenne Mountain Inn,** Colorado Springs
D7 **Colorado Trails Ranch,** Durango
D8 **Comfort Inn at Silverthorne,** Silverthorne
D9 **Coulter Lake Ranch,** Rifle
D10 **Cowpalace Inn,** Lamar
D11 **Deer Valley Ranch,** Nathrop
D12 **Diamond J Guest Ranch,** Meredith
D13 **Drowsy Water Ranch,** Granby
D14 **Elk Mountain Ranch,** Buena Vista
D15 **Embassy Suites,** Colorado Springs
D16 **Fairfield Pagosa Resort,** Pagosa Springs
Ski Wolf Creek and Purgatory for the most snow in Colorado. Snowmobiling, cross-country skiing, sleigh ride/cabin dinner, much more. Discount ski package available.
D17 **General Palmer Hotel,** Durango
D18 **Glen-Isle on the Platte,** Bailey
D19 **Golden Rose Hotel,** Central City
D20 **Hearthstone Inn,** Colorado Springs
D21 **Home Ranch,** Clark
D22 **Horseshoe Bend Ranch,** Meredith
D23 **Hotel Boulderado,** Boulder
D24 **Hotel Colorado,** Glenwood Springs
D25 **Imperial Hotel,** Cripple Creek
D26 **Inn at Silvercreek,** Silvercreek
D27 **Iron Horse Resort Retreat,** Winter Park
D28 **Lake Mancos Ranch,** Durango
D29 **Latigo Ranch,** Kremmling
D30 **Lost Valley Ranch,** Sedalia
D31 **MacTiernan's San Juan Ranch,** Ridgway
D32 **Monarch Lodge,** Garfield
D33 **Mountain Chalet,** Snowmass Village
D34 **North Fork Ranch,** Shawnee
D35 **Oxford Alexis Hotel,** Denver
D36 **Peck House,** Empire
D37 **Pine Ranch,** Westcliffe
D38 **Powderhorn Guest Ranch,** Powderhorn
D39 **Queen Anne Inn,** Denver
D40 **Raintree Plaza Hotel,** Longmont
D41 **Rawah Guest Ranch,** Ft. Collins
D42 **Sheraton Village,** Steamboat Springs
D43 **Stanley Hotel,** Estes Park
D44 **Strater Hotel,** Durango
In Colorado (800) 227-4431.
D45 **Sweetwater Creek Ranch,** Gypsum
D46 **Sylvan Dale Ranch,** Loveland
D47 **Tamarron,** Durango
D48 **Tumbling River Ranch,** Grant
D49 **Vista Verde Ranch,** Steamboat Springs
D50 **Waunita Hot Springs Ranch,** Gunnison
D51 **Wind River Ranch,** Estes Park

IDAHO

E1 **Best Western Cotton Tree Inn,** Pocatello
E2 **Blackwell House Bed & Breakfast,** Coeur d'Alene
E3 **Cottontree Inn,** Pocatello
E4 **Mountain Village Lodge,** Stanley
(800) 843-5475 (outside Idaho). AAA winter resort in the heart of the beautiful Sawtooth Mountains. Groomed trails.
E5 **Templin's Resort Hotel,** Post Falls

IOWA

F1 **Holiday Hotel,** Burlington
F2 **The Inn,** Okoboji
F3 **Lodge at Okoboji,** Okoboji
F4 **Midway Motor Lodge,** Dubuque
F5 **Pzazz Inn,** Burlington
F6 **Red Fox Inn,** Waverly

KANSAS

G1 **Angus Inn,** Great Bend
G2 **Harvest Inn,** Junction City
G3 **Hospitality House,** Emporia
G4 **Inn at Tallgrass,** Wichita
G5 **White Haven,** Overland Park

MINNESOTA

H1 **Ritz Hotel,** Minneapolis

MONTANA

I1 **63 Ranch,** Livingston
I2 **Allers Boulder River Ranch,** McLeod
I3 **Beartooth Ranch, JLX Outfitter,** Nye
I4 **Best Western Heritage Inn,** Great Falls
I5 **Burnt Leather Ranch,** McLeod
I6 **Circle 8 Ranch,** Choteau
I7 **Circle Bar Guest Ranch,** Utica
I8 **Copper King Inn,** Butte
I9 **Diamond J. Ranch,** Ennis
I10 **Elkhorn Ranch,** Gallatin Gateway
I11 **Flathead Lake Lodge,** Bigfork
I12 **G Bar M Ranch,** Clyde Park
I13 **Hawley Mountain Ranch,** McLeod
I14 **JJJ Wilderness Ranch,** Augusta
I15 **Lazy K Bar Ranch,** Big Timber
I16 **Northern Hotel,** Billings
I17 **Outlaw Inn,** Kalispell
I18 **Seven Lazy P Ranch,** Choteau
I19 **Sweet Grass Ranch,** Big Timber
I20 **X Bar A Ranch,** McLeod
Ideal Family Vacation. Riding, fishing, pack trips.

NEVADA

J1 **Buckhorn Ranch,** Golconda
J2 **Cottonwood Ranch,** O'Neil Basin

NEW MEXICO

K1 **Albuquerque Hilton,** Albuquerque
K2 **Angel Fire Resort,** Angel Fire
Opening of the Legends Hotel and Conference Center. 150 luxurious rooms, alpine

skiing, snowmobiling, sleigh rides, hotel packages from $35 per person per night including lift tickets.

K3 **Bishops Lodge,** Santa Fe

K4 **Clarion Four Seasons,** Albuquerque

K5 **Inn on the Alameda,** Santa Fe

K6 **La Posada de Albuquerque,** Albuquerque

K7 **La Posada de Santa Fe,** Santa Fe

K8 **Las Cruces Hilton,** Las Cruces
Overlooking the fertile Mesilla Valley, 207 deluxe rooms/suites. Ventana Terrace dining; state-of-the-art nightclub. Convention facilities, jacuzzi, and many more amenities.

K9 **Lodge at Cloudcroft,** Cloudcroft

K10 **Plaza Hotel,** Las Vegas
Founded in 1882, recent $2,000,000 restoration. Luxurious accommodations, fine dining, superior service amidst beautiful Victorian decorations. Dining/meeting rooms, live music, antiques throughout. Step back in time. National Register of Historic Places.

K11 **Rancho Encantado,** Santa Fe

K12 **Taos Inn,** Taos
Authenticity in the heart of Taos. Fireplaces, antiques, handcrafted furniture, and original art coupled with personal service make the Inn an adventure for visitors, a tradition for locals. Ski packages, jacuzzi, award-winning restaurant, bar.

K13 **Vermejo Park Ranch,** Raton

OKLAHOMA

L1 **Governors Inn,** Tulsa

L2 **Hotel Phillips,** Bartlesville
One of N.E. Oklahoma's only AAA 4-diamond rated "exceptional" hotels. Luxurious suites, gourmet restaurant, cocktail lounge and fitness center, downtown Bartlesville. Special weekend suite rate including breakfast, AAA weekend discounts. In Oklahoma (800) 722-0713. National (800) 331-0706.

L3 **Richmond Hotel,** Oklahoma City

L4 **Shangri La Resort,** Afton

L5 **Skirvin Plaza Hotel,** Oklahoma City

OREGON

M1 **Bar M Ranch,** Adams

M2 **Metolius River Lodges,** Camp Sherman
Charming, on the river, rustic. "Any season can be your reason!" Fully equipped, kitchens, fireplaces, cont. breakfast and firewood provided. Fishing and hiking, near golf, boating, stables, ski bowl and Nordic center.

M3 **Steamboat Inn,** Steamboat

M4 **Windmills Ashland Hills Inn,** Ashland

SOUTH DAKOTA

N1 **Franklin Hotel,** Deadwood

N2 **Hotel Alex Johnson,** Rapid City

N3 **Triple R Ranch,** Keystone

TEXAS

O1 **Arlington Hilton,** Arlington

O2 **Best Western Inn of the Hills,** Kerrville

O3 **Driskill,** Austin

O4 **El Paso Marriott,** El Paso

O5 **Embassy Suites,** Abilene

O6 **Embassy Suites,** El Paso

O7 **Gage Hotel,** Marathon

O8 **Green Oaks Inn & Conference,** Ft. Worth

O9 **Hotel Galvez,** Galveston Island

O10 **Howard Johnson Plaza Hotel,** Laredo
Walking distance to Mexico! Pool, sauna, many other amenities.

O11 **La Mansion,** Austin

O12 **La Mansion del Rio,** San Antonio
Walking distance to the Alamo, Mexican Market, and San Antonio Convention Center, located on scenic San Antonio Riverwalk. Peaceful courtyards, quaint fountains, and graceful arches adorn hotel's historic grounds, capturing the charm of San Antonio.

O13 **Radisson Gunter,** San Antonio

O14 **Rancho Viejo Resort & CC,** Rancho Viejo
Two championship golf courses, tennis, swimming, and fine dining. Just minutes from South Padre Island or Mexico.

O15 **Sheraton Hotel,** McAllen

O16 **Silver Spur Ranch,** Bandera

O17 **Stockyards Hotel,** Ft. Worth

O18 **Stoneleigh Hotel,** Dallas
Restored to its original elegance. Enjoy our spacious guest rooms, king parlors, bedroom suites, suites with kitchens, heated swimming pool, tennis court. Enjoy 4-star continental cuisine at Ewald's and cocktails at the Lion's Den.

O19 **Tremont House,** Galveston

O20 **Woodlands Inn,** The Woodlands

O21 **Wyndham,** San Antonio

O22 **Wyndham Hotel Travis Cntr.,** Houston

O23 **YO Ranch Hilton,** Kerrville

UTAH

P1 **Elk Meadows Ski Resort,** Beaver
Utah's newest destination resort. Fully furnished slopeside condominiums. Discount ski packages available. Open year-round.

P2 **The Homestead,** Midway

P3 **Little America,** Salt Lake City

P4 **Washington School Inn,** Park City

WASHINGTON

Q1 **Cavanaugh's,** Kennewick

Q2 **Cavanaugh's Inn at the Park,** Spokane

Q3 **Cavanaugh's River Inn,** Spokane

Q4 **Manresa Castle,** Port Townsend

Q5 **Port Ludlow Resort,** Port Ludlow

Q6 **Rosario Resort and Spa,** Eastsound

Q7 **Westwater Inn,** Olympia

WYOMING

R1 **7 D Guest Ranch,** Cody

R2 **Absaroka Ranch,** Dubois

R3 **Castle Rock Centre,** Cody

R4 **Cross Mill Iron Ranch,** Crowheart

R5 **Crossed Sabres Ranch,** Wapiti

R6 **Eatons Ranch,** Wolf

R7 **Heart Six Ranch,** Moran

R8 **Hunter Peak Ranch,** Cody

R9 **Irma Hotel,** Cody

R10 **Lazy L & B Ranch,** Dubois

R11 **Lockhart Bed & Breakfast Inn,** Cody

R12 **Paradise Guest Ranch,** Buffalo

R13 **R Lazy S Ranch,** Teton Village

R14 **Red Rock Ranch,** Kelly

R15 **Rimrock Dude Ranch,** Cody

R16 **Schively Ranch,** Lovell

R17 **Siggins Triangle X Ranch,** Cody

R18 **Spring Creek Ranch,** Jackson

R19 **Trail Creek Ranch,** Wilson

R20 **Two Bars Seven Ranch,** Tie Siding

R21 **Wort Hotel,** Jackson

THE QUALITY HAVEN DIRECTORY

A Guide to Information and Services From Listed Properties.

To receive more information, please circle the numbers that correspond with the properties you desire information on. Then fill in your name and address below, place in a stamped envelope, and mail to: AMERICAN WEST, 7000 E. Tanque Verde, Suite 30, Tucson, AZ 85715

Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Coupon expires March 1, 1988.

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A1	B2	C20	D10	D30	D50	I2	J2	M2	O15	R1
A2	C1	C21	D11	D31	D51	I3	K1	M3	O16	R2
A3	C2	C22	D12	D32	E1	I4	K2	M4	O17	R3
A4	C3	C23	D13	D33	E2	I5	K3	N1	O18	R4
A5	C4	C24	D14	D34	E3	I6	K4	N2	O19	R5
A6	C5	C25	D15	D35	E4	I7	K5	N3	O20	R6
A7	C6	C26	D16	D36	E5	I8	K6	O1	O21	R7
A8	C7	C27	D17	D37	F1	I9	K7	O2	O22	R8
A9	C8	C28	D18	D38	F2	I10	K8	O3	O23	R9
A10	C9	C29	D19	D39	F3	I11	K9	O4	P1	R10
A11	C10	C30	D20	D40	F4	I12	K10	O5	P2	R11
A12	C11	D1	D21	D41	F5	I13	K11	O6	P3	R12
A13	C12	D2	D22	D42	F6	I14	K12	O7	P4	R13
A14	C13	D3	D23	D43	G1	I15	K13	O8	Q1	R14
A15	C14	D4	D24	D44	G2	I16	L1	O9	Q2	R15
A16	C15	D5	D25	D45	G3	I17	L2	O10	Q3	R16
A17	C16	D6	D26	D46	G4	I18	L3	O11	Q4	R17
A18	C17	D7	D27	D47	G5	I19	L4	O12	Q5	R18
A19	C18	D8	D28	D48	H1	I20	L5	O13	Q6	R19
B1	C19	D9	D29	D49	I1	J1	M1	O14	Q7	R20
										R21

Visitors to the Big Hole National Battlefield in southwestern Montana can see a reconstructed camp, lodgepoles erected where the Nez Perce had pitched their tipis before the battle began. This is where the U.S. Infantry attacked.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

A FEW MILES

A new appreciation for the Battle of the Big Hole

by Kim R. Stafford

A FEW MILES SHORT OF WISDOM, MONTANA, I flipped open my sleeping bag at the top of Lost Trail Pass. Starlight prickled my shoulders with cold's tattoo. At midnight there, August meant less than altitude. A long day's winding drive from La Grande had left me numb with the car's buzz, and abrupt dark silence was impossible to believe. But the tall stems of the trees made no sound. My ears were clouded with engine throb and tire whine. The whisper of stars I thought I heard was only a tune my head-bone played. Where I slid into the thin summer bag, I felt a bump of rock dent the small of my back. Sleep blurred my eyes, but I begged the rock to keep me wakeful. Tomor-

SHORT OF WISDOM

row, I would drive down a valley that had burned my imagination, a place early trappers called The Big Hole. Tomorrow, Wisdom. The trees' utterance was a pitchy fragrance.

Why did I wish to stay awake? Sometimes stories from thoughtful travelers you trust, or some old book you believe, or the mind's own credulous pilgrim named imagination will make a place dazzle anticipation. Tomorrow, The Big Hole. And there was the battlefield that books and travelers and my mind made shine like an icon. Tomorrow, wisdom — if my hunch could be true. Where Joseph and the Nez Perce band were attacked at dawn one year after Custer died, I meant to stand apart from my own life and listen. I meant to stand apart from my century, if I could. The people who raised me would recede, and I would stand apprentice to the place itself. If wisdom could be portable from history, I might read it there in some configuration of the ground. Then sleep.

Midmorning of the next day, I sat faint in the car parked at headquarters for the Big Hole National Battlefield. By the rearview mirror, pine-scattered hills were a blur of heat. Revelation was not going as planned. Dawn had come and gone. On my sleeping bag flung over the back seat, the dew had long dried, and sweat now trickled off my nose. Traveling alone, I had taken the exploratory vow: I will not eat until I learn from this place. I was untaught, and faint.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

The Nez Perce visit the battlefield, but they don't go to the Visitor Center to sign the book.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

(Above) *A family of visitors leaves along the Siege Trail on the Battlefield to see the area where U.S. forces were held down for thirty-six hours by the Nez Perce.* (Right) *A block of polished granite near the siege area honors the men who fell on the U.S. side.*

The personnel at headquarters, the gray-shirted rangers inside their buff museum built to suggest a Nez Perce tipi, had tried hard to prepare an experience for me. Beyond the glass-cased photographs and furs, the guns and arrows, they ushered me into a little auditorium for my command performance of the slide show. I sat alone among the blue folding chairs while an artist's sketches of the battle flashed before me scene by scene, and a strident male voice on the tape loop told what the sound effects were to mean — the pulse of firing guns, a woman's scream, hoofbeats from invisible horses — while the water-color faces of the stern and the doomed went flickering through their show. Then suddenly the music came up, and it was over. A little motor whirred, and curtains were automatically drawn aside from the windows facing west. There was the battlefield below, on a flat place by the river. Sun had bleached the replica lodge-poles gray. One cloud dragged its shadow toward Canada. On the sill of the view window, two flies had died side by side.

Now, in the car, leaning back against the hot headrest, I understood the chronology and the battlefield's topography. From my vantage point at headquarters, I had seen the signs strung out along the river where named warriors had fallen, and the pine-thicket knoll where the U.S. Army had been surrounded and pinned down when the tide of battle turned against them. I saw where they had their all-day chance to think on Custer's fate, before the Nez Perce slipped away by night, ending their thirty-six hour siege, abandoning their joyless victory for flight. I could follow the events and feel, in my faint of hunger, a shred of what the original cast of this drama lived. But where I sat in the car, all this was nothing. The windshield wore the small debris of shattered yellow bugs.

WHAT DID I EXPECT? THE PAST WEARS AN ARmor that thickens, and I was a fool to think hunger and a wish could pierce it. I had learned the dates and the map, had seen in photographs a long-braided woman and the anguish of old men. I had browsed on books in the National Battlefield gift shop, and I was fed full with history, with news that stays facts:

> During the morning of August 9, 1877, . . . 163 soldiers of the U.S. 7th Infantry and 33 civilian volunteers endured a 36-hour siege as the final scene in the Battle of the Big Hole. The battle began with a dawn attack by the military force upon a camp of 800 Nez Perce men, women and children encamped in 89 tipis on the grassy bank across the river. . . . Follow the trail and explore the military defensive positions. Recreate the struggle of the besieged men and the hostile feelings of the surrounding Nez Perce warriors.

I folded the brochure, and closed my eyes. My government was trying hard to help me. They had made a building and a show. They had scratched out a trail and numbered it, had given me a brochure with matching numbers. I would follow the path. I was grateful. Still my head was a vacant room. I had one more try.

Inside, at the headquarters reception desk, a ranger with his flat-brim hat on the desk beside him was tallying information from the guest register.

"I bet you get people from all over." I faced him over the display case filled with books and souvenirs.

"Excuse me one moment," he said, "1984 to date, outstate 72% total." His tanned fingers worked the blue ballpoint as if it were a shovel, scooping figures off one page and tossing them neatly onto another. Then he looked up at me. "Yes, from all over the world. Have you had a chance to sign the register?"

"Right here." I pointed to the word "Oregon." The space for my remark was blank, but the column above that blank was filled with "Beautiful display," "Very moving," "Worth the drive," "Howdy from Texas," "My third visit and better than ever."

"I'm curious," I said. "How many Nez Perce people visit the battlefield?"

The ranger turned to the register, then to his tally. "We had a woman from Iowa last year who said she was one-fourth Nez Perce." He looked into the air between us for a moment, then back at me. My eyes asked him the obvious question, and he answered it.

"We know others visit the battlefield itself," he said. "They just don't come here to the Visitor Center to sign the book." He looked into the air again. My eyes asked him again. This time he paused. I had to say it. "When do they visit the battlefield?" I looked out the window behind him, as he studied my face.

"They come at night," he said, "and no one sees them." He paused again. "They have their ceremonies in the place, and we respect that."

The ranger picked up his pen, but I waited. "The ceremonies," I said. He held his pen up like an artist's brush. Now the question was in his eyes: how can I trust what I tell you to be safe? Perhaps I have said too much already.

"We don't know much about the ceremonies, just that they happen." We both looked into the air, not at each other. We looked in a box of wind from another time, a box suspended between us, a wind blind to his uniform and my traveling clothes, a box of storm air where the real voices resided and twenty centuries made a number with no meaning. I asked the inevitable question.

"How do you know about the ceremonies? Is there evidence left at the site?"

He looked hard at me, then away. "In certain places," he said, "they leave ribbons hanging from the trees."

ON THE TRAIL TO THE BATTLE OVERLOOK, THE sharp-toed print of a doe's hoof was centered on the print of a woman's spike-heeled shoe. The woman came yesterday, the doe at dawn. I stepped aside, leaving that sign in the dust.

But where were the ribbons? Now hunger-vacancy sharpened my sight instead of dulling it. Wind stirred every pine limb with light, green urgency flickering in the heat, flags of color calling every tree a monument. Ribbons? Ceremony?

Five Wounds dashed from the willows down the death-alley straight into the crossfire of bullets.

(Right) *Chief Joseph was the leader of the Nez Perce during their war with the United States, though he left actual battle direction to others of his tribe.*
(Below) *Lush growth in the beautiful valley of the Big Hole River supports numerous prosperous ranches, such as the Peterson ranch in the foreground.*

COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES NEG. NO. 2906

PHOTO BY LARRY MAYER

The wind was hilarious and sunlight a blade across my forehead. All along the trail, numbered stakes held infantry hats of blue-painted wood to mark known positions where soldiers died or suffered. On the high ground above the trail, stakes painted to resemble the tail feathers of eagles marked the known positions of Nez Perce snipers who held the soldiers pinned down all through the afternoon. Feather Feather. Hat Hat Hat. Feather. Tree. Wind. Straw-pale brochure in my hand. Brochure folded into my pocket. Vacancy. Tree. Wind. Ribbon.

Far uphill, at mirage distance, a ribbon shimmered orange from a twig of pine. Off trail, pine duff sank softly beneath my feet. Trees kept respectfully apart. Earth sucked dry by roots from other pines made them scatter. A gopher had pushed open a hole, and cobweb spangled the smallest dew across it. Then the climb thinned my attention to one small spot of color the wind moved.

Orange plastic ribbon crackled between my fingers — the kind surveyors use to mark boundaries. Not it. Not the wisdom of the place. Not the secret the ranger guarded, then whispered.

A girl's voice spoke from the grove: "The Nez Perce had only ten snipers on the high ground, but the soldiers weren't sure how many were there." She stopped and looked about, then led her parents and sister on along the trail, reading to them from the brochure in her hand. Somehow, she did not stumble, and they padded away through their little flock of dust and disappeared toward the river. A bird's trill broke from the willow thicket where they had passed, a watery trill. Patience settled into my mind, like a fossil leaf pressed between centuries. I threaded the trees like a memory. A crow drifted over. A single pine bough stirred, as if the wind were a compact traveler roving before me.

When I found the ribbons they were red and blue. Five strands flickered half a fathom long from a single branch of pine far above the trail. The ribbons knotted at eye-level swung new in the breeze, and between my feet a single strand of older ribbon had fallen, bleached white by snow and sun. The age of this custom dizzied me. The five ribbons on the limb were new as the soft needle-growth sprung from the pine candles. The faded ribbon on the ground lay among sun-bleached needles. The sun-white ribbon on the ground took me back to the hopeful recollections of bow, fur, and photograph cased in glass at the museum, while the five new ribbons conveyed me to the ceremonies of night. I stood so long the sun moved, and a cool shadow rose out of the ground.

A century collapsed into this moment of ground, where generations of private celebration grew outward from one story. This square yard of pine duff bound a guest register that could never be tallied, only renewed, only inhabited by the night-faithful memory that walked in the form of the people. Far down the slope from the tree with ribbons six tons of granite, hewed to a block and polished, was carved with the story as the U.S. Army had lived it through. That was one way to remember 1877: carve the statistics in stone and draft a platoon of guardians, write books and print brochures and script slide shows and build a hall to house them all, then carve trails with numbers like a tattoo on the hill. I was grateful for all that. All that can make a visitor ready to know. But that public way is not knowing in itself, only a preparation for knowing. Knowing is a change of heart, physical, slower than the eye's travel across a page of text or across a stone dressed with words.

The books, the message on stone, the trail's configuration would all have to be revised by an act of will; the ribbons were either renewed or lost by the very nature of their fragility. Sun and rain destroyed them. Flowers withered, and the ribbons.

SUDDENLY IN THE HEAT A KIND OF FEAR CHILLED me — fear about my fellowship with the sometimes acquisitive tribe of patriots named America. Even in small things, we wish to map our conquest of the planet and the past. My own childhood collections flickered through my mind: stamps, stones, leaves pressed in a Bible, insects stilled by cotton soaked with alcohol and pinned to styrofoam in a box. And arrowheads. Smoky obsidian and bloodred flint. Modern habit is to lay such things away safe behind glass, and I had learned that habit well. Could I leave the bones of this story still, and carry only its breath away in my mouth?

I heard the girl's faint voice reading along through the grove below me, as she led her family through history. She was reading about the promise of Five Wounds to Rainbow, sworn brother, to die the same day in battle. If one died, the other would die before day ended. And Rainbow had died, somewhere beyond in the willows. I looked down at the family tribe.

I stood high above it all, where the snipers had been. From wooden hats staked to the ground I could see where soldiers lay flat to earth in knots of two and three across the slope. The thin grass of pine shade moved, and wind made the trees glisten as sunlight shifted in them, but the hats held still as skulls, each where a soldier lived out his one day's bright terror, or his luck. But then Five Wounds came sprinting out from the willows into the slot of a shallow ravine, dashing his death-alley straight into the guns of these little hats in crossfire. He knew they had him before the one long breath of his run turned to blood in his mouth, but he lurched to the brow of the ravine to fall at the feet of that family, beneath the small voice of that girl practicing the ceremony of literate culture with a paper in her hands. Her voice came distant.

"Five Wounds charged up the gulch and was killed without a doubt . . . ."

"Why Five Wounds?" her little sister chided, interrupting. "Why was he named that?" Leaning on each other, the parents stepped back, gentled by fatigue. The girl stopped reading and looked up.

"Maybe it took that many shots to kill him," she said, squinting at the paper again. "It doesn't say."

Driving on, I was tipsy with gratitude. Fenceposts passing fast out the open window were pine with the bark left on, and they chirred like insects — whisp, whisp, whisp, whisp — down the long straight road heat blurred. The mountains stood up in a blue ring distant around the valley. Sage entered me, then a hint of cut hay, then the wind-twisted fragrance of

smoke and manure from a little clutter of ranch buildings at the long, tapered end of its drive. After a few miles, Wisdom itself was a truck filled with horses saddled and stamping fitfully, a wall of deer antlers below a TV satellite dish, country music aching from loudspeakers nailed to the trading post facade, and a poster at the bar advertising a rodeo memorial for two teenagers killed in a car wreck: "Only working cowboys within a hundred-mile radius of Wisdom will be eligible for the purse."

Then Wisdom was behind, and I was sailing out the highway banked on the long curves the river led east, past fields where ponies put their ears forward to the passing snap of my fingers in the wind, and on into the open country that somehow forgot to get changed from plain gray sage and rocky bluffs, from ravines dark with willow shade and stone litter glittering down a hillside where hard rain scattered it, and the trees scattering out for the long dry of days like this.

I was changed. The ribbons had pulled the sky right down to the ground, and tethered my soul to a story. If I was not changed, not wise, I had a way to become so. I possessed a vision-book of one moment, a story small as the pitchy pith of juniper seed to nibble for the rest of my life.

Still, I am afraid. A man of my own tribe trusted me with the story of the ribbons, and I trust you. He may have been wrong, and I may be wrong. I would let the place alone, but it will not let me alone.

They say in Japan stands a building filled with national cultural treasures so valuable, no steel door, no lock is strong enough to protect them from thieves. Instead of such a door, the state has hired an old man to watch the building in case of fire. He slowly walks about the building, then rests in the shade. Tied by thread to the simple door-latch, a note from the Emperor explains the supreme value of the treasury inside. There is no other lock.

I would make such a note for a square yard of ground in Montana, a few miles west of Wisdom.

This article is a shortened version of a chapter by the same title in the author's book Having Everything Right: Essays of Place *(Lewiston, Idaho: Confluence Press, Inc., 1986). That work was the winner of a Citation for Excellence given by the 1986 Western States Book Awards.*

Kim R. Stafford *is the Director of the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon, where he lives with his wife and daughter.*

COURTESY IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

We are personally responsible for the treasures in those grounds, for no lock can protect them.

For two days and one night the U.S. Infantry maintained a defensive stand in this grove of trees. Still visible are some of the shallow rifle pits that the soldiers dug.

WHEN YOU GO

Big Hole National Battlefield is 12 miles west of Wisdom, Montana, on Montana route 43. From Butte take Interstate 15 southwest to Divide, then to Wisdom on Montana 43. From the west, U.S. 93 intersects Montana 43 at the state line, between Salmon, Idaho, and Hamilton, Montana. Entrance fees are charged from May through September: $1 per person or $3 per carload.

Stop first at the Visitor Center to view an audio-visual program and museum exhibits from the time of the Nez Perce War. Foot trails with informative signs lead to the site of the Nez Perce Camp, the Siege Area, and to the site of the howitzer captured by the Nez Perce. Hikers may take a 2-day backpacking trip along the 22½ miles of the Big Hole Battlefield Trail, which crosses the Bitterroot and Beaverhead national forests. Fishing is permitted in the national battlefield and in the national forest according to Montana regulations. Hunting is not allowed in the national battlefield; Montana hunting regulations apply in the national forest.

A few picnic tables are provided near the parking area. Camping is not allowed in the park, but park rangers can give you information about several nearby campgrounds. Limited lodging can be found in Wisdom, as well as gasoline stations, grocery stores, and restaurants. Some visitors may wish to find overnight accommodations in Butte or Hamilton.

For information, write to Superintendent, Big Hole National Battlefield, P.O. Box 237, Wisdom, MT 59761.

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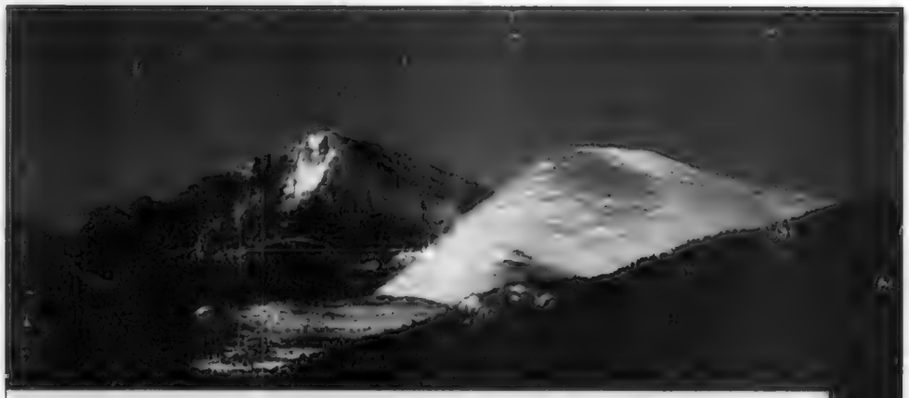

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(Opposite) *The lush garden was once an asphalt parking area. The contemporary Mexican fountain in the garden is exactly in alignment with the center of the foyer and can be seen when entering the house. The fountain was found in a village deep in the interior of Mexico. It was hauled to Tucson in pieces in a vegetable truck, a process that took seven months.*

The table is set for an informal meal in the back veranda room, which was added in the 1940s or 1950s and affords a view of the lovely garden and fountain. The quatrefoil-design cement tile adds informality and Southwestern graciousness to the room. An old child's wagon is filled with a collection of duck decoys.

Lovely white wicker graces the south parlor, where a white lace tablecloth covers a tea table. Most of the pieces were acquired from a Main Street estate. Forty yards of the floral chinoiserie fabric were used for the upholstery in this room. The double French doors lead to the entryway and the north parlor.

The Toci home on Main Street is a part of Tucson's architectural heritage. The Victorian, center-front gable gives the house a feeling of solid support; the balustrade, or "widow's walk," atop the hipped roof, so fashionable in the late nineteenth century, was one of the first in Tucson. The graceful veranda wraps around three sides of the house and covers 1,300 square feet.

From the Bantam Book, American Design: The Desert Southwest, *text by Nora Burba and Paula Panich, photographs by Terrence Moore, © 1987 by The Miller Press, Inc. Photographs © 1987 by Terrence Moore. Used by permission. All rights reserved.*

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VICTORIAN ADOBE

Ornate splendor on Tucson's Main Street

by Nora Burba and Paula Panich
Photographs by Terrence Moore

This lovely old house in Tucson, Arizona, was built about 1890 as an unadorned, four-square adobe with a typical flat roof. At some point, Victorian elements were added — a wide veranda with slender posts, a balustrade atop a hipped roof, and decorative brackets. By the early twentieth century, this traditional adobe had become a graceful Victorian house in a coupling of eastern and western architectural forms that is known as American Territorial.

From the 1930s to the 1970s several changes in ownership occurred, accompanied by architectural remodeling that included division of the building into four apartments. When Gerald and Patti Toci purchased the property in 1979, they decided to restore the house to its Victorian splendor. After years of planning and backbreaking work, the home is now restored to its handsome American Territorial style and has become a jewel in Arizona's architectural heritage.

In both the restoration and furnishing of their Victorian gem the Tocis have successfully blended Southwestern with eastern American styles, making their home restful, pleasant, and often surprising.

WESTERN ART NOTES

© ESTATE OF GEORGIA O'KEEFFE PHOTO BY MALCOLM VARON

Desert Muse Inspired Artist Georgia O'Keeffe

***RED AND ORANGE STREAK*, 1919, BY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE**

Over 100 of Georgia O'Keeffe's distinctive, original works are on display at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., in celebration of the centennial of O'Keeffe's birth in November 1887. Running through February 21, the exhibit "Georgia O'Keeffe" spans her lifelong career as a ground-breaking artist, from her early West Texas canvasses to her well-known studies of flowers and cows' skulls.

Born on a farm near Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, O'Keeffe developed an awareness of the cycles of nature early in life, which was later manifest in her powerful paintings of the New Mexico desert. She studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and then in 1907 entered the Art Students League of New York City, where she also visited photographer Alfred Stieglitz's "291" Gallery for the first time. From 1912 through 1916, O'Keeffe taught art at colleges in Texas and South Carolina, gradually developing her personal style.

Stieglitz organized her first solo show at "291" in 1917, displaying highly abstract, charcoal sketches. Throughout her career, O'Keeffe's paintings fluctuated between the real and the abstract. In 1924, Stieglitz and O'Keeffe were married. Tiring of annual visits to Lake George in New York with the large Stieglitz family, O'Keeffe first visited New Mexico during the summer of 1929, moving there permanently in 1946 after Stieglitz's death. She found her inspiration in the dramatic landscape of the New Mexico desert, devoting series of paintings to isolated elements such as bones and flowers.

Before her death in 1986, O'Keeffe assisted in the organization of this exhibit, which comprises the best of her abstractions, flower paintings, landscapes, still lifes, and figure studies. After its stay in Washington, D.C., the show travels through 1988 to Chicago, Dallas, and New York.

Rare and unusual pre-Columbian ceramic sculptures and vessels from ancient West Mexico are now on permanent display at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Dating from the period between 150 B.C. and A.D. 250, the pieces are from the present-day Mexican coastal states of Nayarit, Colima, and Jalisco. Animals, plants, and human figures, including the impressive "Standing Male Figure with Club," are represented in abstract and naturalistic styles, reflecting a richly diverse culture. The approximately sixty sculptures and vessels are drawn from the Proctor Stafford Collection of West Mexican Ceramics, acquired by the museum this year.

"Craft Today: Poetry of the Physical" presents over 300 works in clay, fiber, wood, glass, and metal in the first major craft exhibit to tour the country in the past twenty years. Featured are items such as furniture, flatware, ceramic bowls and vases, jewelry, clothing, and sculptural pieces, displaying the broad range of current craft activity. Comprised of pieces created since 1980, the exhibit is organized by the American Craft Museum in New York City and is on view at the Phoenix Art Museum November 7–January 10, 1988.

Photographs of historic documents and works of art chronicling Spain's sixteenth century conquest of Mexico and subsequent centuries of occupation make up the exhibit "New Spain: The Frontiers of Faith." The original letters, journals, diaries, engravings, paintings, and woodcuts depicted in the photographs belong to the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Included are handwritten letters from Diego Columbus, Christopher's son, and a painting by Theodore de Bry, *Columbus Landing in the Indies*. Considered too rare to travel, the documents and artwork were photographed and several copies of the exhibit were made. One copy is on display February 1–22 at Yeary Library, Laredo State University, Laredo, Texas. The photo exhibit was arranged by the Texas Humanities Resource Center and will travel indefinitely throughout Texas and neighboring states.

Plains Indian culture. Ten thousand years of Plains Indian life are interpreted through the new permanent exhibit "The First Nebraskans" on display at the State Museum of History in Lincoln. Highlights include a clay human effigy pipe bowl circa A.D. 1200, a reproduction of a hide painting depicting a 1720 battle between the Spaniards and the Pawnee, and the headress of Ponca Indian chief Standing Bear. The exhibit emphasizes the changes that Plains Indian culture underwent, from a hunter/gatherer society to agricultural villages to reservation life.

New museum in Santa Fe. The new Museum of Indian Arts and Culture, an addition to the Museum of New Mexico system in Santa Fe, features the traditional crafts of Southwest Indian tribes, encompassing over three million archeological artifacts. Pueblo, Navajo, and Apache Indian pottery, basketry, carving, weaving, and jewelry from the nineteenth and early twentieth century make up a large part of the exhibit. Modern Indian artists and craftsmen create similar pieces at the Museum as part of the "Living Traditions" program, offering visitors a chance to view the process firsthand and to ask questions about the artists' technique. Performances of Indian music and dancing take place intermittently during the year. For specific dates and times, call the Museum at (505) 827-6460.

EVELYN VIGIL COURTESY THE MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO

"Daughters of the Desert: Women Anthropologists and the Native American Southwest 1880–1980" focuses on forty women who began studying Southwest Indian cultures before 1940. Showing through February 28 at the Colorado Historical Society in Denver, the exhibit features 138 photographs and descriptive text that examine the contributions of the women to their field. Artifacts collected by the women, as well as taped interviews with eight of them, round out the display. At least one-third of the ethnographic literature on the Southwest to date has been written by women.

Beautifully handcrafted boots, bridles, saddles, and ropes are on view at the exhibit hall at Tohono Chul Park in Tucson, Arizona, January 9–February 28. "Traditional Leather Workers of Southern Arizona and Sonora" reveals the importance of finely made leather goods in the cultural heritage of southern Arizona and Sonora, Mexico. Modern craftsmen demonstrate their age-old skills on weekends, offering visitors a firsthand look at bootmaking, saddlemaking, and decorative braiding and stamping.

Dakota Indian crafts. Beaded shirts, leggings, dresses, and moccasins given to the monks of Conception Abbey in Conception, Missouri, by Dakota Indians are on display January 10–May 27 at The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City, Missouri. Created in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Dakotas living on Standing Rock Reservation in North and South Dakota, the items include a dramatic war bonnet, hair ornaments, and a large painting on muslin. Photographs from the Abbey's American Indian collection are also on view.

View classic automobiles from the early 1900s such as a 1912 Renault Opera Coupe and a 1906 Pope Tribune Runabout at the Forney Historic Transportation Museum in Denver, Colorado. Located at the confluence of Cherry Creek and the Platte River where Denver began, the museum features treasures ranging from a Big Boy locomotive to Teddy Roosevelt's parade car. Elegant horse-drawn carriages and historic military uniforms are also on display.

RING BY MICHAEL GRAVES

COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"Modern Jewelry: New Design" premieres in the United States at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, featuring the creations of twenty-six contemporary artists, architects, and designers from the United States, Europe, and Japan. None of the participants is a jeweler by profession. The pieces reflect innovative techniques introduced to jewelry making from the designers' respective disciplines. For example, American architect Michael Graves incorporated miniatures of his architectural motifs in his rings, necklace, and watch. "Modern Jewelry" runs through January 31.

Cowboy art in Paris. For the first time since its inception in 1903, the acclaimed Salon d'Automne art exhibition in Paris has invited an American institution to participate. This past fall, fifty paintings and sculptures from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center were shipped overseas and displayed amidst works by international artists from late October through early November. Included in the exhibit, which was titled "In Search of the American West," were works by Western masters such as Frederic Remington, Charles Russell, James Earle Fraser, and N. C. Wyeth. The show also featured pieces by modern artists such as John Clymer, Tom Lovell, and Donald Teague.

Correction. In Western Art Notes for December 1987, we incorrectly credited the painting *Looking Up the Yosemite Valley* by Albert Bierstadt. The painting belongs to The Haggin Museum, Stockton, California. AMERICAN WEST regrets the error.

FOOD & DRINK

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK D TUCCI

Chocolate Bread from The Hearthstone Inn

by Francis L. and Roberta B. Fugate

Breakfast at the Hearthstone Inn in Colorado Springs is a dining experience that will linger on one's taste buds for years to come. *Gourmet* is the only word that fits. The twenty-three menus contain such delicacies as sour-cream coffee cake, strawberries Romanoff, a cheese soufflé or orange bread, pears poached in nutmeg sauce, and crustless quiche. Previous guests look forward to returning, and local business organizations regularly schedule breakfast meetings at the Inn.

Innkeepers Dot and Ruth Williams have a display case in the corner of the dining room crammed with ribbons from state and county fairs that testify to their prowess at making jams, jellies, cakes, cookies, and breads.

"But don't get the idea all of our attempts have been successful," said Dot Williams. "One year at the fair I noticed the judges had an awful lot of jellies. I wondered how they could taste from jar after jar without the flavors running into each other, so I asked."

"Oh, someone entered a jar of *perfectly horrible* dill pickles, so after each taste of jelly we would take a bite of those dill pickles," explained one of the judges.

Dot smiled ruefully. "When I got my entries back, just a little bit was missing from each of the jam and jelly jars, but almost all of my dill pickles had been eaten."

The next best thing to eating breakfast at the Hearthstone Inn is owning a copy of their cookbook, *From the Kitchen of the Hearthstone Inn*, put together in response to a multitude of requests for recipes.

"Which are your most popular dishes?" we asked.

"Sour-cream coffee cake and Texas brownies," said Dot. "Then there's the chocolate bread. We had a horrible time getting it right, but we finally got a recipe. The yeasty-chocolaty smell will bring people in off the street."

We thought that might be a slight exaggeration, but we decided to try the recipe when we got home. Dot was right. Before the bread was out of the oven, the doorbell rang. It was the mailman. He didn't have a special delivery letter; all he wanted to know was, "What in the world are you cooking that smells so good!"

The Williams graciously consented to let us share their recipe with you.

Chocolate Bread with Vanilla Butter

1 c. milk
2 T. butter
2 eggs, beaten
3½ c. all-purpose flour
½ c. sugar
1 t. vanilla extract
1 package dry yeast dissolved in ¼ c. tepid water (110°) with 1 T. sugar
⅔ c. sifted cocoa
1 c. chopped walnuts (optional)
1 heaping c. raisins (optional)

Scald milk, remove from heat, and add butter, stirring until it melts. Add ½ c. sugar and vanilla. When mixture is cool, add yeast mixture, which should be good and frothy. Add beaten eggs and stir.

Measure flour and cocoa into a large bowl. Add nuts and raisins if desired. Add milk-and-yeast mixture and stir vigorously. Turn out onto a floured board, and butter the bowl.

Knead dough 5 minutes, adding flour if necessary to yield a smooth dough. Put into bowl, cover, let rise 1½ hours. Punch down, let rise again. (If you are not in Colorado, where the altitude is near 6,500 feet above sea level, you need let it rise only once.) Punch down, knead 10 times. Shape, place in 9″ x 5″ loaf pan, let rise again 30 minutes. Put sugar on top of the loaf, bake 30 minutes at 350° or until it sounds hollow. Cool 10 minutes in pan. Serve with lots of vanilla butter.

Vanilla Butter

12 T. butter
2 T. vanilla
¾ c. powdered sugar

Beat all together until smooth and fluffy.

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WHY INDIANS PAINTED THEIR HORSES

Colorful symbols of war and ceremony

by Kim Rosea Mariette

HORSE PAINTING WAS A COMMON RITUAL AMONG the Indians of the Plains. Colorful symbols were used to portray a warrior's past achievements and to tell of his bravery during battle. Certain markings told of his mount's experiences as well, although the horse bearing the story was not always the animal being symbolized.

Reasons for horse painting were as varied as the symbols used. When a warrior prepared to enter enemy territory, he painted his horse; the animals were also painted for war and ceremonial purposes. Historians are divided as to the purpose of painting horses for war; some believe that it was done for camouflage, while others feel that painting the horse made him more conspicuous to the enemy, terrifying the adversary with the symbols that he carried. Although the spots of the pinto may have been good camouflage, making it less visible at a distance than a solid-colored animal, Indians preferred spotted horses for another reason — the flamboyancy and color that they added to tribal rituals and ceremonies. The Indian liked the pinto coloring so much that he often painted solid-colored horses with the pattern.

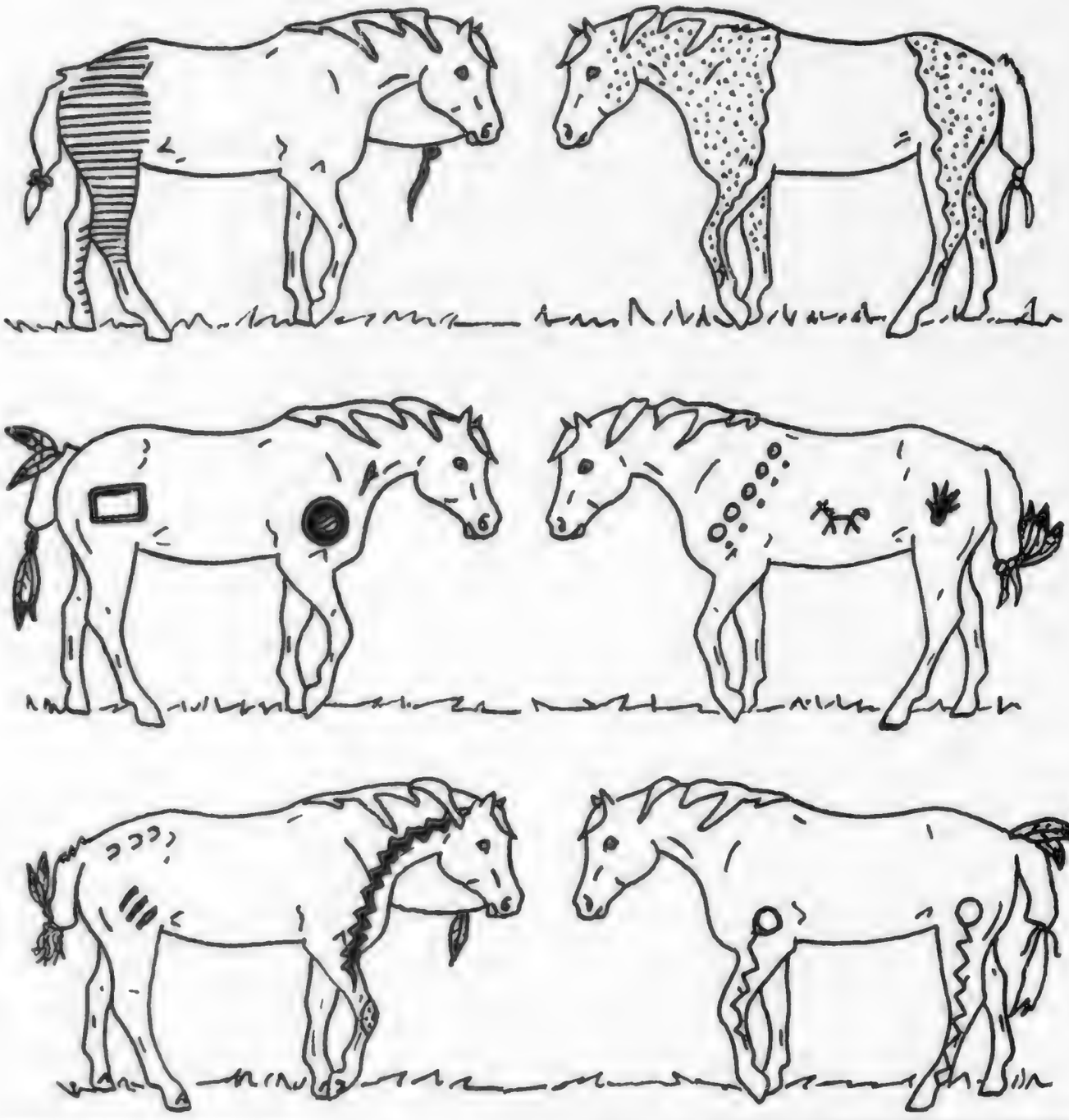
Different tribes developed unique symbols and colors for painting their horses, but there were eight markings that were universal in their meaning. They were the rectangle, handprint, circle, a cluster of large dots, short horizontal lines, round and squared hoof tracks, and a group of abstract blotches. Any individual symbol besides these eight was assumed to be a medicine marking, such as an open circle with a zigzag line extending from it, meaning snake. Whatever the markings, a horse was painted with the same story on both sides.

A rectangle meant that the warrior had led a war party, while a handprint revealed that an enemy had been knocked down or killed in a hand-to-hand battle. Among the Sioux, a red handprint on the horse's shoulder or rump was called a blood mark. This was the highest honor a warrior could achieve. An upside-down handprint was the symbol for warriors going on a do-or-die mission. If the handprint was not complete, showing only the fingers and half a palm, it was an oath of vengeance from the dead.

Circles had several meanings, depending upon how they were used. For instance, thick circle lines with the center filled in red explained that a battle had been fought from behind a breastwork of rocks or logs in which enemies had been killed. A row of small, open circles indicated that a warrior had participated in a battle involving the use of trenches. The Sioux signified this by a long row of both circles and dots.

A red circle painted around a horse's nose was thought by the Blackfoot, Crow, and Sioux to give the animal a sharp sense of smell; a red or white line around the eye was believed to improve the eyesight. Battle scars on a horse were circled with red paint as symbols of honor. They were also painted over to show where the animal had been wounded.

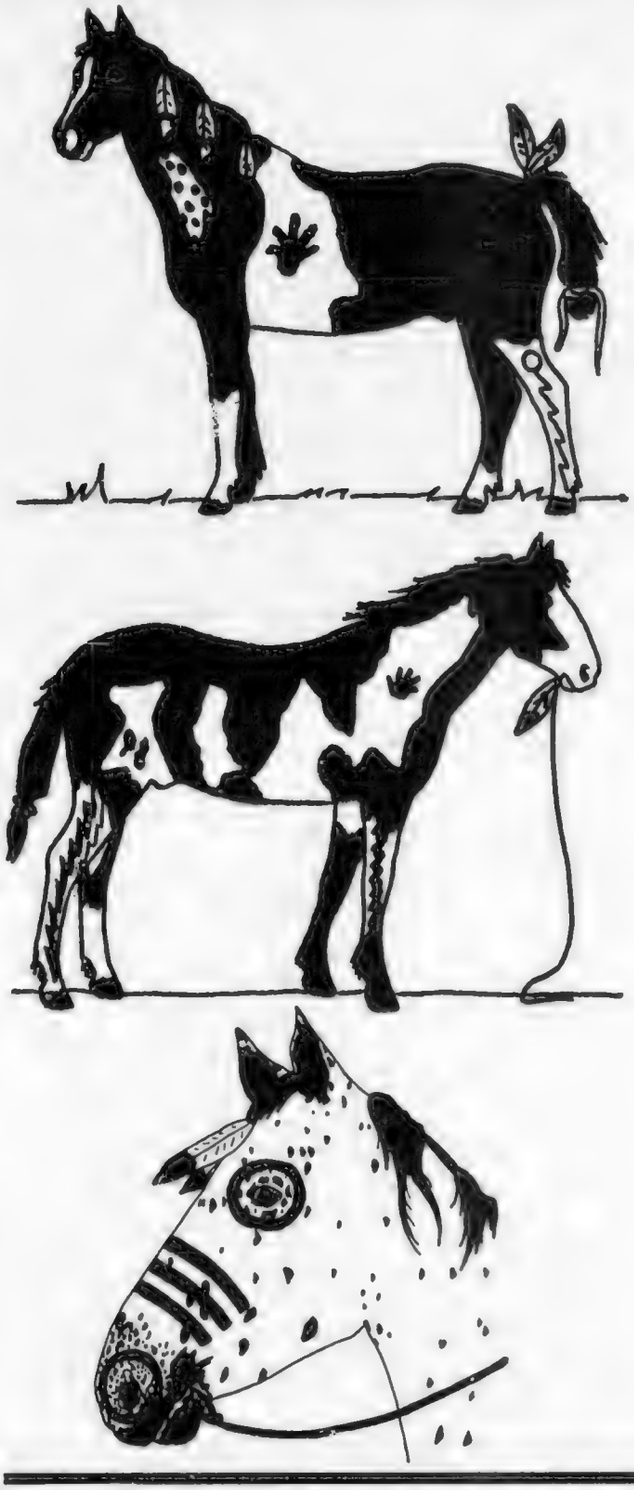
***The Custer Fight**, W. H. Dunton, oil on canvas, 32" x 50"*



DRAWINGS ARE BY THE AUTHOR

(This page) ***The top two drawings show variations of Warrior Society markings. The next four drawings display combinations of the many symbols used by Plains Indians in their art of horse painting.***

(Opposite) ***The overo and tobiano pinto, both highly prized by the Indians of the Plains, are depicted. The top figure carries the medicine mark for snake, a handprint signifying that an enemy had been knocked down or killed in battle, and the warrior's vision of hail. The second figure wears an incomplete handprint for vengeance, a lightning streak and thunder stripe — symbols of war, and blotchy marks — a sign of mourning. The circle around the eye and nostril of the Appaloosa horse was meant to improve the animal's sight and smell. The three lines across the nose are coup marks struck by the warrior.***



When You Go: *Horses painted in the American Indian style may be seen in the Native Costume Classes at national shows sponsored by the National Appaloosa Club. Their World Championship Appaloosa Horse Show is held the first week of each November in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, at the State Fairgrounds. Also, the Club sponsors a national Appaloosa show during the first week of July in a different city each year. For information, write to: National Appaloosa Club, Ms. Chris Olney, Public Relations Coordinator, P.O. Box 8403, Moscow, Idaho 83843. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

A cluster of large dots explained that a warrior's dream revealed that hail would fall at just the right place and time on an enemy, either while he was being chased or vice versa. Three or four short horizontal lines placed one above the other were coup marks struck by the warrior. These were applied on the horse's front legs, although the Crow, Blackfoot, and Sioux were known to paint them on the noses of their mounts, also. Rounded and squared hoofprints showed the number of successful horse raids a warrior had been on. Several blotchy or irregularly shaped marks were an expression of mourning on the death of the horse's owner.

ARROWHEADS ON ALL FOUR OF A HORSE'S HOOVES were symbols of swiftness and surefootedness. In the case of the Sioux, long zigzag lightning streaks, running from the horse's rump down the rear leg and from the head down the foreleg, meant speed and power. Two parallel zigzag lines down the foreleg were called a thunder stripe, believed to be delivered from the god of offensive war.

The stealing of a picketed horse was sometimes shown by a drawing of a picket pin, a line with a fork at one end. The Blackfoot used horse figures to tell of an animal that was stolen. They were always painted in profile using solid colors without outlines, resembling the stick-horse toys of the Indian children. The symbol was colored the same as the captured horse. Pintos were painted a solid color before the spots were added.

Warrior Society markings, emphasizing the nature of the group, covered large areas of the horse's body. The design usually covered about one-third of the horse's rump, or fully covered the head, chest, and front forelegs. The markings were normally stripes or spots, used separately or combined.

Another primary reason for horse painting was for breeding purposes. The birthmark concept was based on the belief that if a particular mental or physical characteristic was placed in front of the female at the time of conception, this feature would then be produced in her offspring.

The Nez Perce, noted breeders of the Appaloosa, incorporated a similar belief as "prenatal medicine" in their breeding program. They discovered that even the "best" animals did not produce spotted foals every time, and the Appaloosa strain had become diluted with solid-colored foals. To ensure that all offspring would have spots, well-placed on the body, some Nez Perce breeders practiced the following: A special kind of paint, mixed with secret ingredients, was applied to the pregnant mare while magic words were said. The breeder dipped all five fingers in the paint and "marked" the mare on her hipbone with his fingers outspread. This was done three times at various intervals. The foal was expected to show the "five-finger mark" on the hip, as well as other body spots. To this day, an Appaloosa horse with this marking is believed by many Nez Perce horsemen to be of superior breeding.

Author-artist **Kim Rosea Mariette** *lives in Minnesota.*

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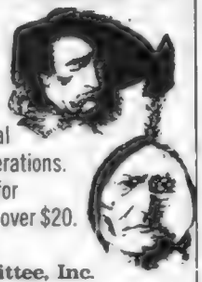

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(Continued from page 53)

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The recipes that came West with the pioneers were as diverse as their bearers. Cornish pasties to feed the miners, scrapple from Pennsylvania, a midwestern gooseberry pie for company were dishes adapted to the new country. Most of the recipes and historical nuggets contained in this spiral-bound volume were collected through Blackburn's Old West food column. While providing a link with the past, these dishes can be made with today's ingredients. The final chapter, "Household Hints," contains handy bits of germane advice.

The Kingdom in the Country *by James Conaway (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1987; 293 pp., sources, $17.95).*
Fascinated by the West since boyhood, James Conaway starts on a journey to see our federal lands in the West — the kingdom in the country. What he discovers are colorful, often outrageous, quite memorable people who follow their own codes for survival. His profiles of a gunslinger locked in the past, polygamists, cowboys who round up wild mustangs, dune buggy fanatics, government officers, among others, draw a picture of a turf that is a perfect refuge for loners. Conaway finds in our lands a beautiful national treasure that is available for livelihood, play, and dreams — the present-day and still-wild West.

Will James: The Life and Works of a Lone Cowboy *by William Gardner Bell, foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Northland Press, Flagstaff, AZ, 1987; 130 pp., illus., notes, index, $39.95).*
This is the first complete modern biography of artist/writer/cowboy Will James. Historian and western art collector Bell gives a balanced account of the checkered life of James, whose career was cut short by self-destructive behavior. In his writing and his illustrations, James depicted cowboy life in the West. Because he was a drifter, his artwork has been scattered across North America. Not until recently was it possible to show collections of James's drawings and paintings, many of which illustrate the text.

The Desert Southwest *by Nora Burba and Paula Panich, photographs by Terrence Moore (Bantam Books, New York, 1987; 246 pp., sources, $34.95).*
Each of the fifteen homes showcased by Burba and Panich exhibit, in varying degrees, traditional architecture of the Southwest. Though a few of the homes are newly built, they share a cultural heritage unique to this region. Each owner's dedication to style, authencity, or stewardship of a legacy, shows not only in the exterior design, but in the carefully selected interior detailing as well. Over two hundred and fifty of Moore's gorgeous color photographs take the reader on a desert tour of smashing residences in southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. By adding a bit of the history of each area and each home, Burba and Panich show that these are more than just buildings — they live.

Going Over East: Reflections of a Woman Rancher *by Linda M. Hasselstrom (Fulcrum, Inc., Golden, CO, 1987; 206 pp., $13.95).*
While traveling from the homestead to summer pastureland "over east," Hasselstrom must open and close twelve gates on the South Dakota ranch of her Swedish forebears. At each gate she reflects on past episodes and present worries of a life that offers few luxuries. Her father's credo of "never spend any money" allowed him to live off the land, but Hasselstrom worries that his generation may be the last to do so. This bittersweet "passage" gives an insight into a vanishing lifestyle that Hasselstrom celebrates.

A Beautiful, Cruel Country *by Eva Antonia Wilbur-Cruce (The University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1987; 319 pp., $19.95).*
Octogenarian Wilbur-Cruce relives her early years on the family ranch in the Arivaca Valley along the Mexico/Arizona Territory border. Coming from a family with Anglo and Hispanic heritage, Wilbur-Cruce shows appreciation for both cultures, as well as for the area's Papago Indians. Recollections of events and border characters, and anecdotes about folk medicine reveal a living history about an era in a region few have written about. Recalling the stunning solitude of her home, the author speaks of a land that was so unpopulated, the sight of a man's footprint was cause for alarm.

The Art of Terry Redlin: Opening Windows to the Wild *text by Keith G. Olsen (Hadley House, Plymouth, MN, 1987; 132 pp., $65.00).*
"Romantic realism" is the self-described style of the landscapes and wildlife drawings and oil paintings by artist Terry Redlin. For the past ten years, Redlin's work has been consistently popular, evoking nostalgia for midwestern rural life. The entire collection of his published work to date, 122 limited and open edition prints, is presented in vivid color. This oversized book also contains a brief biography, introductions to each section, and captions for each print. Deluxe editions are available.

High Noon in Lincoln: Violence on the Western Frontier *by Robert M. Utley (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987; 265 pp., notes, sources, index, $22.50).*
In his detailed and interesting account of the Lincoln County War in New Mexico, 1878–81, Robert Utley sets us straight about this series of events that have entered the mythology of the West. He demonstrates that the War was a contest for money and power between aggressive personalities in a frontier situation that encouraged crime, gunplay, hard drinking, and violence. The War's significance is that it "illuminates the heritage of Americans as a people inclined to violent pursuit of ambition and violent resolution of problems." The author found no heroes in this War and discounts the myth that puts Billy the Kid at the center of the maelstrom. The War would have occurred, Utley concludes, if Billy had never existed.

The Jumping Frog: In English. Then in French. Then Clawed Back into a Civilized Language Once More by Patient, Unremunerated Toil. *by Mark Twain, wood engravings by Alan James Robinson (Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1987; 21 pp., $12.95).*
Based on a story heard in a California mining camp, Mark Twain's now famous "Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was first published in 1865. This illustrated edition of Twain's classic tale gives three versions of the story: the original, the first French translation, and Twain's hilarious tongue-in-cheek verbatim retranslation. Master artist Alan James Robinson's exquisite wood engravings include a four-page fold-out of the notorious frog performing a magnificent leap.

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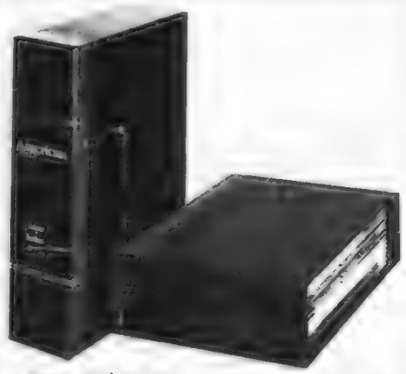

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Read about **the first dude ranch** in the country and learn about the different kinds of guest ranches that offer just about any sort of experience you're looking for.

Learn why beauteous **Queen Marie of Romania** dedicated a castle on the Columbia River in southern Washington during the roaring twenties. And plan to visit that castle today.

Visit the Tabor Opera House Museum in Leadville, Colorado, and relive the days of **silver king Horace Tabor** and his darling Baby Doe.

WESTERN SNAPSHOTS TODAY

Succumbing to time and the elements, this old, weathered farmhouse in the Quincy Valley of east-central Washington looks as if just a push would topple it over. Apparently the man and woman in the picture have a similar thought, as they playfully pretend to push the house upright.

The house may once have belonged to a farmer who abandoned it during the long dry years that preceded federal irrigation projects on the Columbia River. Bringing much-needed water to the Columbia Basin area, the irrigation makes possible the area's current bountiful yields of wheat, apples, pears, and onions.

L. Leroy Vogler of Ephrata, Washington, took this amusing photograph using a 2¼ x 2¼ Yashicamat camera loaded with Plus X 120 film and set for an exposure of 1/100 of a second at F16.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, Arizona 85715.

WESTERN SNAPSHOTS YESTERDAY

How did they do it? Ladies' attire in 1905 wasn't exactly conducive to clambering up into leafy bowers. Nevertheless, the four intrepid young women in this group of friends managed the feat to pose for a picture commemorating their camping trip to Scott's Lake near the Platte River in eastern Nebraska. Perhaps daunted by the climb, one of the ladies elected to remain on the ground out of sight.

Possibly to escape the heat, the eight campers journeyed about fifteen miles north from Wahoo, the Saunders County seat, for this three-day mid-August jaunt to enjoy the refreshing lake waters. All of them are in their early to mid-twenties and unmarried.

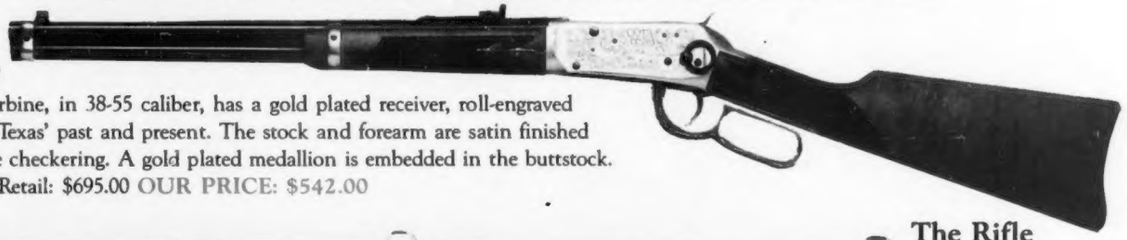
In the far left, Arthur Anderson stands with his arms around the trunk of the tree. Anderson took this photograph, setting up the camera before hurrying to take his place. Perched from left to right in the branches of the tree are Mabel Mielenz, Mame Simpson, Daisy Mielenz, William Pickett, Arthur Mielenz, and Caroline Cook. Camera-shy Amelia Balduff is the missing member of the camping troop.

At least one romance came to fruition after the Scott's Lake expedition. Daisy Mielenz married William Pickett the next year. Their daughter, Katherine Pickett Mertz, and her husband, John C. Mertz, of Punta Gorda, Florida, sent us this delightful Western snapshot of adventuresome picnickers.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, Arizona 85715.

THE GUNS OF THE TEXAS SESQUICENTENNIAL

A special offer for AMERICAN WEST readers from Commemorative Guns!



The Carbine

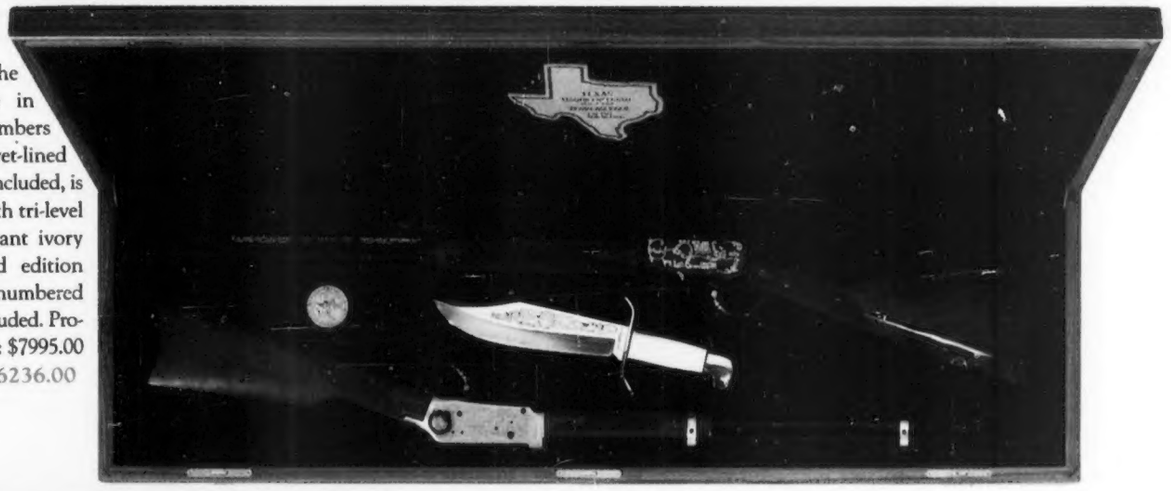
This model 94 carbine, in 38-55 caliber, has a gold plated receiver, roll-engraved with scenes from Texas' past and present. The stock and forearm are satin finished walnut with spade checkering. A gold plated medallion is embedded in the buttstock. Production: 2500 Retail: $695.00 OUR PRICE: $542.00

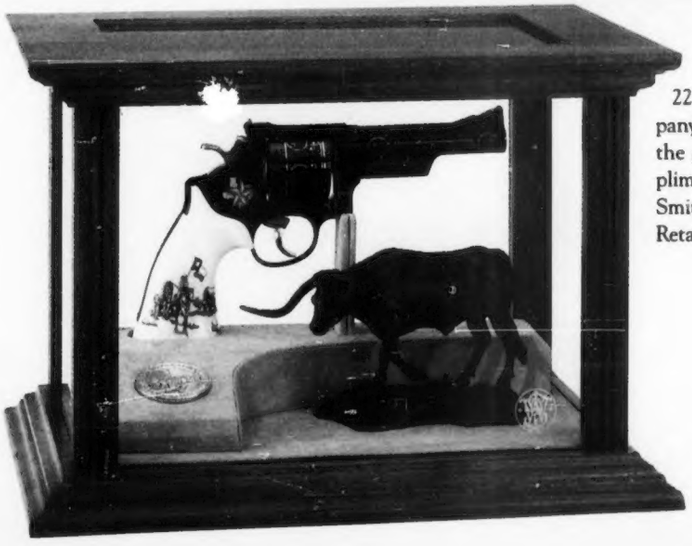
The Rifle

Also in 38-55 caliber, the receiver is acid etched with 22 karat gold auroplate. Included in the velvet-lined, walnut presentation case, is the stag handled Bowie knife by Western Cutlery. The blade is also acid etched and highlighted in 22 karat gold with scenes from Texas' history. Also accompanying the Rifle, is a limited edition print signed and numbered by the artist. Production: 565 Retail: $2995.00 OUR PRICE: $2336.00

The Set

The Set includes the rifle and carbine in matching serial numbers in a double, velvet-lined walnut case. Also included, is the Bowie knife with tri-level etching and elephant ivory handle. A limited edition print, signed and numbered by the artist, is included. Production: 150 Retail: $7995.00 OUR PRICE: $6236.00





The Pistol

This premier-grade, 44-40 caliber, Smith and Wesson is graced with intricate 22 karat gold multi-level etching and scrimshawed elephant ivory grips. Accompanying the pistol, is a limited edition Texas longhorn bronze, numbered to match the gun and an oversized Texas Sesquicentennial medallion. This issue is complimented with a walnut presentation case on a turntable for easy viewing. The Smith and Wesson logo is etched into the front glass of the case. Production: 150 Retail: $6250.00 OUR PRICE: $3500.00

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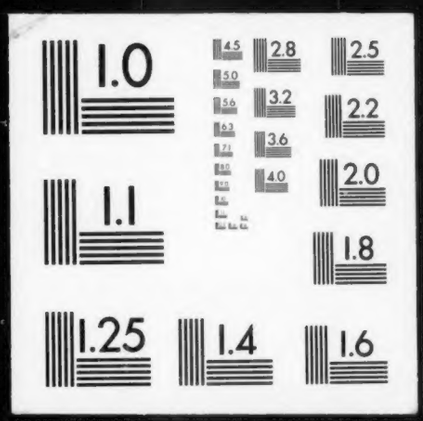
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